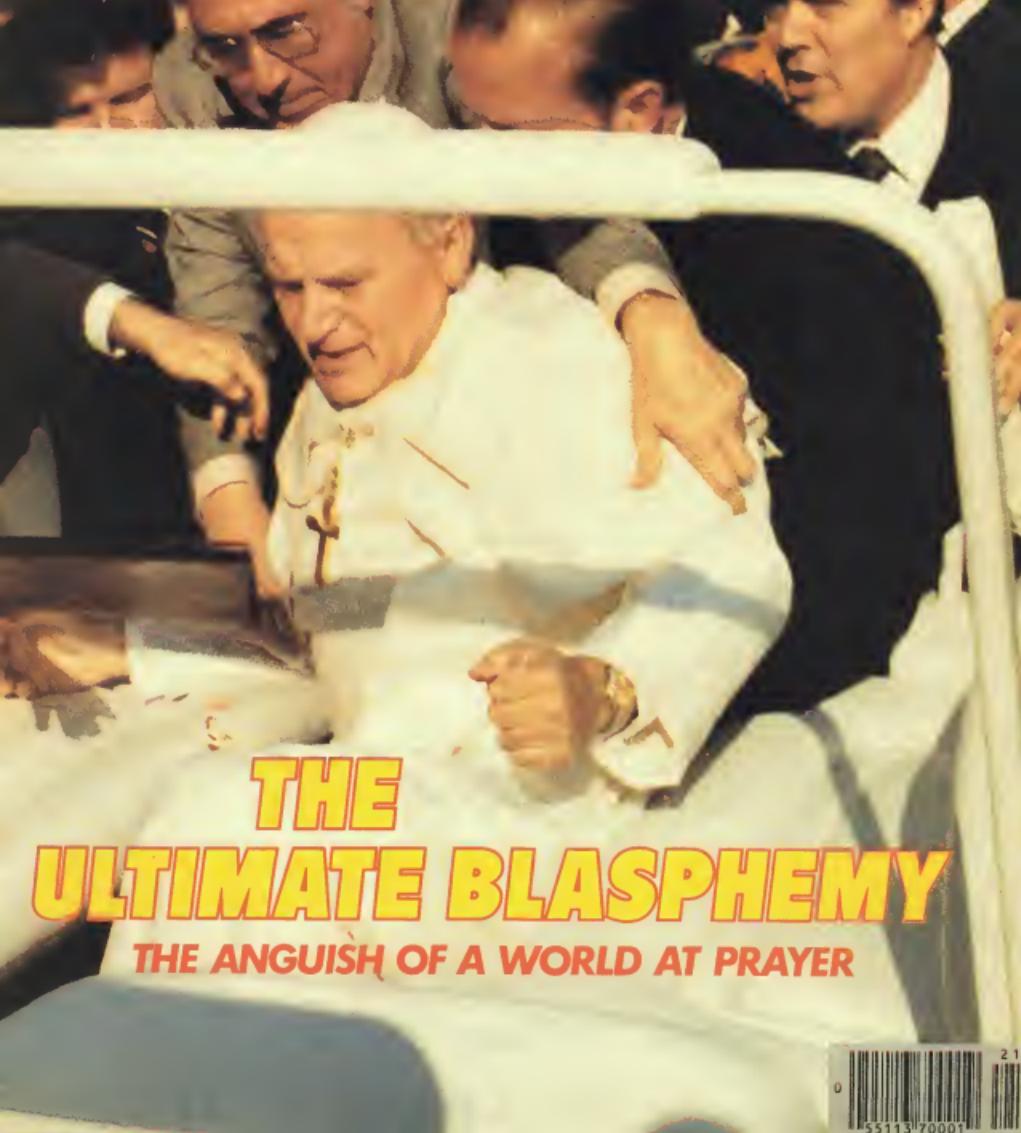


CANADA'S FAVORITE MAGAZINE

Maclean's

MAY 25, 1981

\$1.00



THE ULTIMATE BLASPHEMY

THE ANGUISH OF A WORLD AT PRAYER



Field Day



MAY 25, 1981

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

VOL. 94 NO. 21

Maclean's

OWER STORY

The ultimate blasphemy
In a bizarre moment of insanity, Mehmet Ali Agca, a Turkish terrorist, shot and wounded Pope John Paul II as he greeted an audience in St. Peter's Square. Although the Pope's life was not in immediate danger after a lengthy operation, the risk of a fatal infection remained 80, too, did a pressing question: would the "people's Pope" ever be able to resume the vigorous stewardship that had won hearts around the world? —Peter U.



A royal pain in the purse
Inflation and the bank rate at record highs made it a bad week for Allen MacEachen. —*Page 20*

CONTENTS

Archology	46
Books	52
Business	39
Canada	27
Columnists	
Barbara Andel	58
Alton Foster/English	55
Trent Frayne	38
Cover Story	17
Deadline	53
Editorial	3
Films	68
Fellowship	26
Letters	4
Listing	42
Passages	4
Profile	34
Podium	8
Q & A	10
Sports	30
U.S.	25
World	21

Development, Washington, D.C. 20004
Postal Address: 6, Yamato, Kawasaki, Japan
Office: 800 17th St.,
A Division of the Mitsubishi Corporation



Plasmatic smashing

Wendy O. Williams used to appear as *Mandy Doody*. Now she appears on TV's *—Part II*



Not-so-rious Vikings
Startling archeological finds hint that Norse entrepreneurs exploited the Arctic — Page 48

Watching the watchers

More revelations about informants as the McDonald inquiry winds down — Page 27

DATSON DARES...



TO ADD TURBO TO THE 280ZX.

Think of the superb Datsun 280ZX. Now, imagine even more power. Turbo power. 202 ft. lbs. of torque. ~ ECS electronic "brain" to precisely control fuel injection, timing, exhaust recirculation, idling speed and intake performance, simplifying maintenance. And with handling features like extra-tight suspension, superbly precise power-assisted rack and pinion steering, and 15-inch alloy wheels with P205/60 x 15 steel radials. Now stop imagining. This: ultimate 280ZX Turbo!



THERE'S MORE VITAGE IN
**DATSON
280ZX**



EDITORIAL

He may have no divisions but his name is legion

By Peter C. Newman

The shots that rang out in the sunlight of St. Peter's Square last week proved, yet again, that nothing is sacred to the dedicated terrorist except the act of violence itself. The assassin's target (see story on page 17) was a Pope who has captured the hearts, if not the souls, of nearly as many non-Catholics as the faithful flock of his 600 million followers.

It was sheer luck that Mehmet Ali Agca's bullet wounded and didn't kill their intended victim, just as only a little more than a month ago Ronald Reagan's attacker missed the U.S. president's heart by 25 cm. (It's a sad irony that on the very day of the Pope's attempted assassination the accused slayer of John Lennon, Mark Chapman—who unfortunately was a better marksmen—had his trial date set for June 1.)

It is violence of a very different order, but the gory details that emerge daily from London's Old Bailey courtroom, where Peter Sutcliffe is being tried for the brutal murder of 13 women, only help stress the senseless quality of the terror spreading across the world like a plague. It is a similarly vicious strain in human affairs that has prompted the people of Northern Ireland to keep killing each other for most of these generations—all in the name of the religious faiths they

profess to support.

Elements of lawlessness have even permeated the top levels of some Third World governments. Col. Muammar Khadafy of Libya, for instance, openly funds and trains terrorists in Europe, North Africa and Ireland; deliberately orders assassinations of Libyan agents who oppose his regime; has supplied Uganda's butcher, Idi Amin, with aid and exile; massacred thousands of people during his civil war with Chad, and committed any number of criminal acts without being particularly chastised or outlawed by the international community.

The case of Pope John Paul II is, of course, quite special. Here is a Pope who has logged an incredible 165,000 km in nine trips abroad since he was elected to office on Oct. 16, 1978. Some of his pronouncements have been ridiculed (such as his decree that a man can only satisfy when he looks at his wife "with one expression"). Yet he has managed to retain both his popularity and credibility by the simple fact that his humanity has always transcended his theology.

When the Polish situation was at its worst this spring, it was John Paul II who pledged to join his own self-sacrificial way of life by "serving his brotherhood. That, if that had happened, the Soviets might, at long last, have had the answer to Joseph Stalin's rhetorical taunt: "How many divisions has the Pope?"

Maclean's

May 25, 1981

Editor

Peter C. Newman

Managing Editor

John G. Morris

Assistant Managing Editor

Colin MacRae

Editor

Steve Penner

Administrative Editor

Wendy K. Sillman

Associate Editor

John Walker

Feature Editor

John Walker

Entertainment Editor

John MacPhee

Photographer Editor

John MacPhee

Book Review Editor

John Walker

Business

Editor

Robert Lefebvre

Business Column

John Walker

Financial Column

John Walker

Automotive Column

A baronial feast

Bravo to Maclean's for the superb story *The Press Barons* (Cover, May 11) and Peter Newman's editorial (*The Bottom Line's* Fine, but a Sigher's Much Better, May 11). Deserving of more analysis is one of the key self-delusions shared by the barons. To survive, you must make a profit! is the way Kit Thomson puts it. Left out entirely is the definition of how much profit. Thomson's profit seems to me reasonable, by media industry standards. Thomson won the reasonable-scenario defense of survival to mask the unreasonable practice of institutionalized greed. It is a personal greed, not an overcharge of profits. At some point, this tower-of-self-delusion delusion must crumble. These are not entirely nice people.

—BARRY LINDNER
Editor and publisher,
Content/Sources
Toronto

Your cover featuring the press barons is surely the finest I have seen on Maclean's. The photography tastefully and effectively conveys the editorial purpose of your cover story. Congratulations to photographer Peter Braggi.

—STEVE PARFORD
Manager,
The Image Bank of Canada,
Toronto



THE PRESS BARONS: CONFESSIONS OF PROFIT

Kowalski continued

Your article on the Harry Grey case was excellent. I was a little disappointed, however, that little mention was made of the obstruction of attempts to provide Mr. Kowalski with proper medical care by the officials at Penetanguishene Hospital and the nutritional status of the patient. I should let you know that I have put in a formal complaint to the Ontario College of Physicians and Surgeons against Penetanguishene charging them with professional misconduct. I have also complained to the minister of health about this same matter.

—RODOLFO ROSA,
M.D.
Toronto

—PETER BUTTERWELL,
Simon Fraser University,
Burnaby, B.C.

PASSAGES



DECEASED: Michael Braga, 35, as a vice-president of Dunc Ingalls Profile Inc. (which makes mobile and aircraft components) and as a senior vice-president with the Southern Pacific Tire Co. of Santa Ana, Calif., after using the name of his father, **Donald** Braga, in bidding for railway contracts. Although the White House said it is not having "any problems with the way Michael is doing business," the president's office was told he will step down in light of his controversial references to his father's bribery policies in a business letter.

stomach with a nail-tipped weapon and died in hospital.

DEATH: A baby girl, eight pounds, one ounce, to Princess Anne and Capt. Mark Phillips. The Queen's first granddaughter, she becomes ninth in line to the throne, following her three-year-old brother, Peter Mark Andrew Phillips. Because her father has not taken a title, she is an公主ess and will be addressed Miss Phillips.



DEATH: Jamaican reggae singer Bob Marley, 36, of "stones of the brain" at a Miami hospital. With his group, The Wailers, Marley popularized reggae music, especially, selling more than 20 million albums. In his 17-year career his dreadlocks and public marijuana smoking were widely pathologized aspects of his counterculture. The Rastafarian religious sect which reveres **Haile Selassie**, the late Ethiopian

emperor. Last month, Marley was awarded the Order of Merit by the Jamaican government and Prince Minister Edward Seaga hailed him as a cultural ambassador.



DEATH: Francis Hughes, 35, once Northern Ireland's most wanted IRA gunman, after a 39 day hunger strike for political status in the British Maze Prison. He had reportedly been serving a life term for killing a British soldier and 49 additional years for other offenses, including attempted murder and bombings.

APPOINTED: Teruo Taki, 66, as president of Mitsubishi Metals Corp., Japan's fourth-largest steel manufacturer, 45-percent owned by the Chubu Corp. Taki's father, Goro Hidemitsu Taki, became Japan's wartime prime minister, following the 1941 attack on Pearl Harbor and was hanged in 1948 as a war criminal.

Sharks among the herrings

I want to respond to the tendentious letter sent by Jack McClelland to the Governor-General (Postbox, May 11) concerning the Governor-General's Literary Awards. The purpose of moving the site of the presentation of the awards from Ottawa was not "to strengthen the curtain of secrecy" around the proceedings. It was to get the ceremony out from the somewhat stuffy audience of Government House into the various regions of this country so that people other than Ottawans could participate in the celebrations. This year the ceremony was held in Moncton, N.B., and although the audience was not as festive as in Vancouver last year at least a lot of local people participated in the event. As a member of the audience for the past three years and as chairman of the grand jury, I can take personal cognizance that these people and their obligation that these grants go to a great deal of trouble to get regional and specialist representations for that panel. I should also like to ask why poets and novelists should not judge their peers? For example, among others, booksellers and publishers? For these grants, I'd like to put sharks among the herrings. Let's by all means give the ceremony more publicity and prestige. Let's also increase the prize money. But let us not jettison an award that has built up over the years a strong tradition and a considerable cache.

—PETER BUTTERWELL,
Simon Fraser University,
Burnaby, B.C.



Cram a short glass with as much ice as it can hold.

Pour a measure of Black Velvet over it (slowly does it).

Pick up the glass and jiggle it in a clockwise direction. Complex? Maybe.

But it's a natural.



The BVAu Nature!
How to improve the ice cube.

BLACK VELVET

Sex in sheep's clothing

Certainly *Madam's* can never be accused of not putting its pictures where its prejudices are (People, April 27). To place a black-and-white picture of Princess Anne in a voluntary garment to use in living color of American sexed because *Sexual* is about as obvious as any magazine can get. I sincerely that your end-of-July issue will again feature some glorified black-and-white photos of Lady Diana, in a sex-thriller skirt next to one of another American sex goddess in lingerie.

—R. K. CARRINGTON
St. Catharines, Ont.

It distresses me to see our national newspaper's white space on a poor excuse and a six-centenarian blurb of Princess Anne's "pleasure." It really is not any of our business, nor is it newsworthy, whether she hates or loves motherhood and fucking and looks "romantic and glorious" in her life.

—ADRIEN BOIS
St. Catharines, Ont.

Coming to a head

If John Hodson of Labatt's really believes that baseball fans care who sponsors the televised game, he is living in a dream world (Baseball as Top, Report, April 27). TV viewers select channels based on what program is on, not on the

SUBSCRIBERS' MOVING NOTICE

Send correspondence to Maclean's, P.O. 1600
Box 4, Toronto, Ontario M5W 2B5

ATTACH OLD ADDRESS LABEL HERE
AND MAIL IMMEDIATELY
I understand that a new label is issued gratis to subscribers as well.

Address
City
Prov.
Postal code



Princess Anne and Prince Charles: a juxtaposition in living color

commercials between them. Over the past two seasons the Montreal Expos captured the hearts of Canada. The CBC was performing a service by pre-empting a scheduled Blue Jays game in favor of the Expos. If Hodson wants people to use his commercials he had better schedule his televised games as early nights in Montreal.

—RICHARD READING
Summerdale, P.E.I.

From rugs to rigs

Your article "From Oil Rugs to Oil Shale Rocks" (This Month, April '80) states that the world's first production oil well was established in 1925 in Pennsylvania. The statement is incorrect: on two coasts, the Chinese operated producing wells before 1925 and the first producing commercial oil well was drilled by James Miller Williams, a Canadian, in 1857 at Oil Springs, Ont.

—ROBERT M. LEE
Manager of the Petro-Canada Division,
Petro-Canada, Ont.

Not the finest hour

In your article "There's Money Still for Tea in Depression Britain" (Outline, April 13) you really hit the nail on the head. My family and I came to England in 1958 and are busy planning a hasty return to Vancouver. We holiday in the U.K. in the present economic climate Canadians must be prepared to pay two and three times as much for not only

the vacation luxuries, but even the necessities. After recovering from the initial shock of paying so much for so little, one rarely sits back and wonders if the government toys with the British' earnings and to have seen the working public grin and bear it down at the local pub. We have tried to adapt to this very different lifestyle, but I am afraid our skin is just as tough as the Brits.

—THE PARTITION
British, Kent, England

A diet of gospel

I find it hard to understand Jerry Falwell, who has become one of the American gurus (Vanity Fair calls him a "Sexual Matthew" (Deadline, May 4)). His ideology leads to persecution and watchfulness in an era when violence in影视 in the U.S. Certainly he is entitled to his opinion, but when it gets to the point of interfering in the private lives of citizens then it is time to make this man eat his Bible.

—PAUL GILBERT
Toronto

Cinderella reborn

Your article "Up From The Cow Caf" (Canada, April '80) contained the wise and witty remark, "It could amount to assassination of the womb." If man can figure out a way to do this I am sure many will be carried by the film. The Amorettos and Trejolets of this world don't seem to give a damn about women except as decoration at an occasional special event.

—FLORENCE VALE
Toronto

A bird in the hand

What Senator Sted and the other members of the Senate bourgeoisie have done is placing exclusive blame for crime and behavior on the offender, or on his or her mother, while totally ignoring the social concert (obligatory) that Senator Patten, Posture, etc. is. At the end of the day, he himself, power or no, contributes to crime. Unless he can control his wealth, she would have to believe, due to the inherent insecurities of the poor rather than a failure on the part of society to provide for all its members. Perhaps an attempt should be made to reduce poverty instead of dairing around the issue with family Freudian framework. I also have grave concerns about the senator's reprehensible views toward women, as when she blames everything related to children. If this is all the subcommittee has come up with after three years I suggest we hold a referendum for its dissolution.

—P. ROBIN
Ottawa

Letters are photostated and may be condensed. Writers should supply name, address and telephone number. Mail comments to Letters to the Editor, Maclean's, 400 University Ave., Toronto, Ont., M5G 1A6.

Take us up!



The West is a pretty big area to cover. And Pacific Western flies to more destinations in Western Canada than any other airline. And starting June 1, we'll connect the West with the West with direct service between Toronto and Calgary via Brandon. We'll go every day except Saturday and we'll get you there with the quiet, comfortable Boeing 737. Of course our great service doesn't end in Calgary. Come with us to the B.C. interior, the coast, the Northwest Territories and the Yukon.

We'll be carrying more passengers to more places with service that's better than ever. If you're planning to travel the West, take us up.

Pacific Western
The Great West Connection

Not for better, but for worse

"We try now to do in the name of love what we once did out of necessity"

By Gale Garnett

Sometimes I find a suitcase too heavy to lift. Sometimes something is too high to reach. "Can't Lift It" and "Can't Reach It." The only two reasons I have ever thought of for getting married. Believe me they are not sufficient. I am sure that there are those among you who have come up with better reasons. This does not change the fact that I have been looking hard at a lot of old marriage, and that most of them seem a sad and weird mixture—a never-ending series of ever-wrecking compromises that do not make two people one. Rather they reduce each one to a half of a one who can barely remember what it was they were on their way to doing and deciding when they were caught and drawn down. Do you doubt me? Okay. Do you want to know? How many truly happy marriages do

"But it had to work," you say. Of course it did. We used to be primarily an agrarian society. Three or four generations lived on and worked the same plot of land. Men and women were necessary to eat another day. Arriving at the love, but as full partners in a small, inflexible life-style. Men and women now live apart from each other and, generally, each individual has his own work and personal career goal.

So, out of inherent social conditioning, a very real need for compromise is built in and an equally real fear of dying alone (though there is still rarely any other way to die), we try now to do in the name of love what we once did out of necessity. Love simply does not operate that way. One loves in the moment and, though a string of such moments may indeed lead one to loving someone for a long time, perhaps even forever, it cannot be declared or promised in advance. Most of the time we can barely ascertain who we are at a given moment. How then can we know who we will be one month, one year, ten years hence? Or the many ways in which another person may change? Yet, with all these variables, all these ways of change, we still persist, not only in pronouncing "forever" love, but in buying a dog house, fishing license, marriage license. Which of these makes no sense? That a certain people are afraid of being left destitute if a relationship should dissolve. Fine. If you want a house, negotiate for a house. Houses can be guaranteed. Love cannot. If you had house-wrecking with loved ones a bit cold-blooded, simply enjoy the present and accept it for your own future. Millions do.

When you make of love a legal obligation instead of the wondrous and magical mixed blessing it is, it produces a grim and depressing result: people staying beside other people because they say they *would*. Surely it is better to be absolutely alone, reading a book, taking a trip or looking at a sunset than to have another living being close at hand because they signed a paper to that effect. Voluntary

affection enriches the spirit. Obligatory companionship drowns it.

And why are people so afraid of the lovely, personal moment inherent in being, at least periodically, alone? Are we each so afraid that we cannot bear our own company? It is often the staff you find when you are alone that worries what you can offer another person. An absence of solo flights to report as low leads to the sentiments expressed in the Don Henley song, "How can I save you when you won't go away?"

Then there are the "Exquisite Rites of Preparation." That is a bit bad but it speaks of a delicious thing. It's about wanting to see someone, and then getting to see them. It's about writing and receiving letters. It's about surprises. About taking wonderful baths and dressing in most sumptuous and then removing them. About gratification growing out of anticipation rather than consequence. And if you can choose possible magic over guaranteed company, it is the liveliest thing I know.

"Children?" Yes, children should be protected through all the protection in the world will prove insufficient and parenting is the job that everyone gets paid in our degrees or mother. So forget marriage however, but do have half a dozen guarantees managing to small creatures until they no longer want it. And more: those babies in groups of as few as four—with at least two new people added to the group every four years until the child is 12. Those new people can be chosen by either the adult or the child for as long a period as is comfortably workable for all concerned. Any or all of these people may or may not live with the child. In a nut, however, a requirement that every one of a child's guides inhabit that child's primary dwelling. Poor or stern people give a child a wider range of anguish and information—a greater group of responses for his love and hate, his rage, pain, questions and dreams. With a larger group it is also possible that people would use children as ego extensions and proof of their own existence, but as ray-making strangers one can avert on their way in becoming grown-ups.

Yes, I know I'm longer, but do stop. Because love. Love-blazing produces all those costly, many divorces and stale, long-suffering ways of attrition. Not to mention married men on my telephone. My telephone is indeed my problem. But its unhappy, disquieting, behavior-watching, bad-weather-liking, what-have-I-done marriage, whereabouts, is not. And I shall likely never be in the blighted way. Sure, I have seen exceptions. But when I look at marriages, mostly what I see is pain. And the thing about having pain is that it feels so good when you stop.

Gale Garnett is an actress and writer currently living in New York and Toronto.



ANNOUNCING NEW VANTAGE LIGHTS AND MENTHOL LIGHTS.



THE NEW MILDNESS.

Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked—acid inhaled. Average per cigarette 5 mg "tar" 0.4 mg nicotine.

Going down the long lonesome road

After slaving off bankruptcy for two years, Lee Iacocca predicts a profit for Chrysler in May

When Lee Iacocca took over the ailing Chrysler Corp. in late 1981 after being fired as president of Ford Motor Co., Wall Street analysts and assembly-line workers agreed that if anything could save the company, it was the charismatic former. The Princeton engineering graduate had risen to the top in the successful and innovative Mustang he developed for Ford. But his new job at 81 a year has been the greatest challenge of his career. In the first three months of 1982, Chrysler lost \$28 million but, excepted its targets in sales and market share. Now, in the middle of the crucial second quarter, sales gains must be translated into profits. To his office in Highland Park, Mich., the 68-year-old chairman of Chrysler Corp. spoke to *July Genet.*

Iacocca: You have the reputation of being explosive in vacuous and a whoo-cracking terror when things go awry.

Iacocca: Right now I'm explosive.

Iacocca: Chrysler lost \$1 billion in the past 12 months and \$100 million already in the first quarter of this year and we're still in the hole. We're in Mexico. We had the first quarter would be awful. The reorganization of a carwash schedule in January and the rebates that's money right off the top. We'd gone through these two tough years and we know we'd lose money.

Iacocca: But you lost \$1 million more than you planned during this last quarter. How can you keep doing money like that and stay in business?

Iacocca: If you look at the three months of the first quarter, each month was an improvement over the last. March and April were as close to break-even as we've been. And I fully expect to be making money this month.

We've paid really, with cutbacks, volume up, our R-car line off, quality better, summer coming, gas prices going up, that makes you explosive.

Iacocca: Your prices went up too this month. Can you keep your share of the market of the raised prices you need to make a profit?

Iacocca: First of all, we showed in April that we could improve share and market penetration without rebates, without buying the sales. Now we're in

market, where everybody else raised prices too, but we still have lower prices than GM or Ford. Obviously we wouldn't have priced that way if we didn't think we could control the marketplace.

Iacocca: How much will you be helped by the voluntary import restrictions imposed by the Japanese?

Iacocca: Import restrictions affect a very small part of the problem. Much more important are a lower price rate and a better economy. But the restraints have great importers synthetically. Because it shows that the Reagan administration has taken a stand that Americans aren't going to be pushed around anymore. As for sales, well, we're 39 per cent of the market so we'll pick up about 20,000 units. That's not going to make us rich. We do that much before breakthrough in Brazil.

Iacocca: But isn't Japan's own economic contribution to the mystique of Japanese superiority?

Iacocca: Sure. It's happening already. They're trying to hype the market by saying, "Get your red-hot perfect little Japanese car right now while you still can." But it's headed thousand, maybe less. Japanese cars are not going to change the market. Nobody's going to pay a premium for a Toyota.

Iacocca: Don't you have a Japanese car present displayed in one of your R-car plants as an example of what your workers should strive for?

Iacocca: We always have Mitsubishi over there because that's who we deal with. But let's put it this way: Our mechanics and our electronics are better than the Japanese today, poised for posed, poised for recall. But you keep a Japanese car around to see what real house and fit and finish is. We have

that anybody—our mechanics or our salesmen says, "We've got a Mitsubishi. Get next to the Chrysler Dean and the Dean interior looks better." Well, the last is there every day. We still have a ways to go, but we're improving, and once we have that we've got 'em. We don't have them in cost but we get back



We've never been able to convince the public that we never got a dime out of them.

Iacocca: You're relaxed the moment you step off the plane.

—A visitor

Rein. Come to our island and discover the experience that only Bermuda can offer.

Get away on a morning flight, be relaxed and soothed on one of our parkland beaches that very serene afternoon.

Discover how Bermudians enjoy clear blue green waters that you to some of the world's finest sailing, scuba-diving, surfing and fishing.

Soak in the sunshine and

splendor of our open secluded beaches. Off shore, coral reefs surround the island to tame the surf for even the least experienced swimmer.

Bermuda also has natural arches to picnic under, broad walkways to climb and majestic limestone caves to explore.

Enjoy a colourful tour through our Botanical Gardens. The guides are young, Bermudians who can tell you

all about our rare birds and exotic flowers.

Come to our unspoiled And be welcomed by a friendly people as warm as their native Bermudian sun.

Harry for this our brochure only. Contact your travel agent or the Bermuda Department of Tourism, 1075 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont. M5S 2B2. And then relax.

BERMUDA



are joint ventures. And everybody's looking for those—GM and Ford, too—to reduce per-unit costs. It's saying, "Let's build a plant together to cut the cost of an expensive part."

MacLean's: Where do you see Canada fit into this international scheme?

Iscocks: I think that someday Canada and the U.S. and Mexico will attempt more of a common alliance, like the European Common Market. We're part-way there with auto pact. We both complain about it, but the alternative would be an inefficient loan system. I was in charge of Canada's day auto pact started, and the Oakville plant was a rat's nest. They built shiny cars and too many of them. So they sacked the Canadian executive. The politicians can argue about auto pact but the Canadian consumer benefits by getting closer to a free market on equal cost and price. Really, the single biggest benefit of the auto pact is that suppliers don't want to build the cars on their. Well, we can't go to them and say build in Canada or else. They say they're going to build where it's most economical for them to survive and it's not Canada at the moment.

MacLean's: When you were negotiating the loan guarantees with the Canadian government, you told Chryslers that new auto pact guarantees jobs to propose. But isn't that all you have to offer in return for the new guarantees?

Iscocks: I really think that we gave Canada a helluva good deal. I understand the Canadian attitude by the way. They say, "You know, we're not the hard-edged kind that, after you're done writing a test you hand it down to us. We want a front-wheel-drive car too." So we gave them that. But we've also got this unique vehicle that's part car, part truck. It's the vehicle of the future and Canada's going to get it 300 per cent. So I don't think we're giving Canada long technology.

MacLean's: You've said that publicity about the government loan guarantees contributed to uncertainty about Chrysler's future and that if I tell your readers before going back for more, "How bad was that experience?"

Iscocks: Bad for business. For every \$2 we knew we had \$1 in loan defences and counsellors and lawyers from It's self-defeating. I tried to myself and for the business that that's not a way to behave. There is no option in the U.S. to take care of ailing business or industry short of a world war. We should never go back to government. The sales

dropped while we're on the front page, the misunderstanding, the letters saying why are you taking our money? We've never been able to convince the public that we never got a dime out of their pockets. We went and borrowed from workers and unions, but they had the guarantee of the government or we wouldn't have borrowed it. They guarantee it and we pay it back. At prime interest plus. All that gets lost in the wash.

MacLean's: People said you were the only one who could save Chrysler. Did you believe that?

Iscocks: I just happened to be "the" man. I wish destiny hadn't cast me in

seats. All our guys play well under fire. We never blink. We're getting that calibrated. We have gone through meeting payroll sometimes 24 hours in advance, but you never blink. Every 30 days you're paying out a billion dollars in cheques and taking in \$100 million in revenue. You were a little short. So you'd say, "Don't pay that bill this afternoon, pay it in the morning."

MacLean's: What has all this meant to you personally?

Iscocks: We didn't go in trying to become martyrs, but now that we're in this deep there's a helluva lesson to be learned, and I think if you take the long view of life, I feel proud to be part of that. I really think there's an intolerance there. A lot of people would say, "Look beyond me. Just go talk to your United Automobile Workers local in Windsor about unionism. But it's not survived there. So little by little, everybody's saying, well, I guess we'll have to get together, co-operate and act a little like the Japanese do, or well, and that's what it's been about. You see, we really believe that we were the leading edge of everything wrong in the United States. And if they could correct some of the things impacting Chrysler and learn from it, then it was one hell of an investment.

MacLean's: You're trying to prove not only that Chrysler can sell cars, but that America works?

Iscocks: I want to prove that in the end pragmatism wins. We're doing something that's good enough to have the ideologues up back and say, "My God, he said he was violating free enterprise." He was protecting it.

MacLean's: Has it all been worth it for the men who left the Mustang on the road?

Iscocks: The Mustang was spectacular. But it was a different world then. This is a tougher one, but maybe just as satisfying as all that success. They were paying you a million bucks a year then, but they were paying you during that trial a dollar a year, so it ain't no money, can it? It's gonna be something more than that. I like the company which has a proud heritage—Walter P. Chrysler was one of the great ones—which, for whatever the reasons and there are many of them, is just beginning to disappear. And before it collapses, a bunch of people, not just in cars or in steel, let's see if we can keep it together. Now, no matter what the details are, that's satisfaction in my book. Q



If the next two years were going to be like the past two, I'd pack my bags and leave.

that but, I was Johnny-on-the-spot I was asked when I first came here and things went to hell. "If you had known how bad it was, would you have taken the job?" And I said, "Are you out of your goddamn head?" Nobody would do that.

MacLean's: Wasn't the challenge part of what kept you going?

Iscocks: Well I like challenges, but this was a super-duper challenge. I wouldn't want to keep doing this. If the next two years were going to be like the past two, I'd pack my bags and leave.

MacLean's: How do you cope with that kind of stress?

Iscocks: I'm a little bit of a fatalist, that's what is to be. You do your best. I know the business. If I could get some good people and buy some time, we'd make it. I never had sleepless nights or wringing of hands or cold

DATELINE: ISRAEL

A land of milk, honey and credit

Pre-election handouts' are a boon to Israelis trying to cope with 132-per-cent inflation

By Eric Silver

On an every 30 Israeli shekels basis, it is a world record of which no one here is proud. A few months ago, the Knesset, Israel's parliament, passed a law banning citizens from drawing cheques for 180 months if \$10 or more per month to cover any six-month span. Gas stations carry 180 CHEQUES ACCEPTED signs, but most shops and restaurants still take them. Rubber cheques are recognized as a fact of economic life, a means by which Israelis buy their way out of debt. That debt, a survival mechanism in a country where 220-per-cent inflation derailed another record last year, and the previous record, holding up to the June 30 polls with 140 per cent, will likely go that route in 1983.

Modern Israel is a land of milk, honey and revolving credit. With its patients, the system would collapse. Even such an Israel would hardly get by if horrendous inflation figures were a true measure of their problems. But comparisons are built into the system. During the past five months, Finance Minister Yitzhak Arad has embarked on a pre-election strategy designed to put more disposable income into the hands of voters. He has reduced taxes on imported goods such as TVs, sets and cameras, while agreeing to a huge cost-of-living increase for workers last month. As a rule, such increases are immediately followed by price hikes on all government-controlled services. But not during election year. Israeli tax levels are being adjusted to favor the taxpayer. Naturally, the Labor opposition claims that Arad's policies are nothing but a cynical strategy designed to buy votes while leading the country to financial ruin. However, as Harry Sagon, a Tel Aviv bank manager, explains: "Living with this kind of inflation is bad for the government, but it's not all that bad for the individual. The whole economy is linked to the cost of living. Indeed, salaries are automatically linked to the cost-of-living index and workers' pay is adjusted every three months. The linkage covers 80 per cent of the rise in the index. But what Israelis are living with is bad enough all the same. Sagon suggests perhaps to have said

"some individuals." Real income fell last year by nine per cent, employment grew by 67 per cent (though the jobs still represent only 47 per cent of the work force). The Israeli shekel depreciated 103.8 per cent against the U.S. dollar this year, pushing up prices, in local currency, of all imported goods. Israelis are losing real net at 50 per cent.

How, then, do Israelis manage? Howard Noss, a 27-year-old lawyer, moved to Jerusalem from Vancouver 2½ years ago. He recently completed art school and has joined an Israeli law firm where he earns the equivalent of \$10,000 a month. His wife, Shlomo, who just returned to work after maternity leave, brings in about \$600 a month as a nurse. Their two-bedroom flat cost \$60,000—



Arad (top left), bank manager Sagon (bottom left), his wife Shlomo (right) and supermarket manager Jack Shrank (below) rubber cheques a lot of economic life



mortgage from the剪價 (mortgage) society covered about half and they are paying it back at 35-per-cent interest. The Nosses eat much less often in restaurants than they did in Canada, perhaps once every two months. We visit friends for the evening, or they come to us," says Noss. "We don't grow dinner parties, just coffee and cake, carrots, eggs and water. We eat less meat in Israel, but we have fruit, vegetables and poultry." Noss has no doubt they will keep their heads above water, though. "You need to run a bit of an overhang toward the end of the month, even at the best of times," he adds. "We've got what the interest is, but that doesn't deter you—at first we tried to pay cash for everything, but now we've

Ten good
reasons to use
the travel companion
that takes you where
you're going.

enRoute

Rental: Zipper,
Asia, Herk,
Holiday Rent-a-Car,
National Rent-a-Car,
Dollar Rent-a-Car,
InterRent, European
Econo Car.

enRoute is pleased
to have a limited
number of selected
travel agencies

AIR
CANADA

Please see
www.enroute.ca
for more information
about these
selected agencies.

1-800-267-1234
1-800-267-1234

Have you sent a child a gift of love?

For just \$23.00 a month, you or your group can give a
needy child and his family overseas the vital necessities
of life and the precious gift of hope. Please, share your
love. Send your help now.

Call toll free anytime

1-(800)-268-7174

In British Columbia, 112-(800)-268-7174



Information will be sent immediately or, fill in the coupon below.

PLAN

FOSTER PARENTS PLAN OF CANADA

I want to be a Foster Parent of a boy or a girl and the child is greatest
convenience.

I promise my first payment of \$23.00 monthly or more the child is greatest
convenience. I promise my first payment of \$23.00 monthly or more the child is greatest
convenience.

\$136.00 Semi-Annually \$272.00 Annually

I can't become a Foster Parent right now, however I enclose my contribution of \$. Please send me more information Tell me

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

Prov: _____

Code: _____

I wish communication with PLAN to be in English French

PLAN operates in British Columbia, Ontario, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Nunavut, Yukon, Northwest Territories, Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland, Quebec, and Nova Scotia. PLAN is a Canadian charitable organization by the Federal Government. Contributions are tax deductible. © 1991 PLAN

started to pay in instalments."

The Shaws, who have one child, are still nervous, they have some savings from their Vancouver days. Malika Cohen, the wife of a university teacher who has been here 28 years, has settled into a more careful regime. They are bringing up their children on a net income of about \$800 a month. "By the middle of the month we're running an overdraft and paying our bills with postdated cheques," she says.

Like overtime, moonlighting has become a necessity for many Israeli who take second jobs or do overtime work to make ends meet. The tax man sees little, if any, of the extra income. Plumbers and electricians are to be paid in cash. Contractors working for maintenance companies offer to come back and do repairs job cheaper in their own time.

Then Aridor launched what Uri Ben-Shalom (of the daily paper Haaretz) called "government as supermarket": people were making their consumer decisions last month. In March the sale of TV sets and cars fell by about 45 per cent. And Israel's think twice before buying their cars—high-octane gas retails at 69 shekels (about \$18) a litre. Maintenance is prohibitive: almost all spare parts are imported. Consumer duty and purchase tax add 450 per cent to the wholesale price of the country of origin. Avraham Shalev, a Jerusalem garage owner, complains that his customers have cut the volume of maintenance work by 40 per cent. "Half the cars break," he says. "They don't need us; it's us." Not only do the parts Lidor has become expensive too at 130 shekels (about \$16) an hour.

Things may be rough, but the "Aidar sales" are drawing customers. Official figures published at the end of April showed that in March alone, 80,000 TV sets were sold, nearly five times as many as in March, 1988, and up 50 per cent on February this year.

The Labor opposition is worried that the Aridor policy will cost their party votes, even though other prices are still going up. The cost-of-living index rose by 18.6 per cent in the first three months of this year. Retail food prices have doubled and, in some cases, almost tripled in the 12 months from March, 1988, to March, 1989.

And there is an undercurrent of desperation: a survey published last month in the Labor daily paper, *Bauar*, found that 55.1 per cent of Israelis view the Aridor policy as "harmful election assistance," compared with 37.1 per cent who thought it was beneficial. As one Jerusalem window-shopper estimated as she watched the scramble for TV sets: "Of course they're buying. There might not be another chance until the next election."



Rack of Lamb's:
Every year a great year.

On top of the volcano

A year after it blew its top, Mount St. Helens is starting out to be something of a paper volcano. Despite seven subsequent minor eruptions, predictions of long-term hazards to the environment are not panicking out. The impact on the global weather system proved minimal, and local flora and fauna are returning.

An army of government and university scientists has been studying the volcano, which has led to more accurate predictions of eruptions which minimize the danger of working on the mountain. In contrast to last year's eruptions, the U.S. Geological Survey was able to predict the latest eruption on April 18 inside the two-kilometre-wide and 600-metre-deep crater. A 12-metre-high lava dome is expected to alternate between growing slowly and occasionally exploding. Seismologist Susan Russell-Brown: "We have to plan for another 20 years of activity."

No one expects future eruptions to be as devastating as the first. The U.S. Forest Service, which manages most of the desolated land, is already planning



Mount St. Helens, 20 years of activity

to replant trees. Salmon and steelhead have been seen in the Toutle River below the mountain which was little more than a mudflow after the May 18, 1980, eruption. Although the long-term effects of the ash on tree leaves and needles is not known, it has added nutrients and improved water retention in the soil in a 400-km area around the volcano. Farmers have noted improved apple and wheat crops. Workers on the mountain are being monitored because of fears of eventual serious long damage from breathing in the ash over long periods. Dr. Peter Bauer of the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta: "We've noted incidents of bronchitis and asthma two to three times above the usual from our surveillance of hospitals in areas where there have been ash falls following eruptions. People working in the ash around the mountain, particularly loggers, have to wear masks to prevent illness."

In the wake of Mount St. Helens, monitoring all along the Pacific "Ring of Fire" has been stepped up. The Geological Survey of Canada (GSC) is now establishing a permanent seismic monitoring station at Meager Mountain, 80 km north of Vancouver, which last erupted 2,400 years ago. "There's no hard evidence," says GSC's Jack Scoville, "that any of these volcanoes is extinct."

—MARI BURGAN



A JAGUAR IS BUILT BY THE MOST SOPHISTICATED MACHINE EVER DEVISED: THE HUMAN HAND.

In certain areas of car-making, machines cannot completely duplicate the sensitive hands and the precise eye of the craftsman.

Upon examining a Jaguar you might notice the luxurious walnut dashboard, cut lacquered and polished all by hand. Or that the delicate Scandinavian leather hides on the seats have been matched, cut and fitted by hand.

You might not guess, however, that every legible Jaguar cockpit is assembled entirely by hand. Or that every Jaguar dashboard is machined so dimensionally accurate totally by hand.

In fact, the building of a Jaguar XJ Series III requires the human hand to perform more operations than probably any other production motor car on earth. Small wonder every Jaguar takes 220 hours to construct, six or seven times as long as many mass-produced cars. But then, a Jaguar is not designed to be assembled quickly. Rather, it is designed to be a Jaguar. Uncompromisingly without regard for mass-production short cuts.

To say we are obsessed with quality is an understatement.

JOHN ELIAS COTTERMAN, JAGUAR'S CHIEF DESIGNER

The FBS Jaguar XJ Series III carries no optional equipment. None. The factory installed air conditioning with sunroof temperature control is standard. The seven AM/FM station seeking radio and cassette sound system is standard. The adjustable lumbar support and the electric height adjustment on the driver's seat are standard. The power windows, the fully reclining leather seats, the alloy wheels, the chrome aero and the new power sun roof are all standard.

So great is Jaguar's confidence in the Series III that for 1981 models the basic £1,2000 unlimited warranty is extended to cover the power train for a total of two years or 300,000 km, whichever comes first.

Jaguar Series II, XJ6 and XJ22. From about \$30,000 to \$40,000.

JAGUAR

THE 1981 JAGUAR XJ SERIES III AND XJ-S. THE BEST JAGUARS EVER BUILT.

Please call 1-800-243-4444. FDC 100 and before. Order must be for less

Open'er up and see what she'll do.

Are you using your camera to its fullest potential?

Probably not...if you're not using Kodak slide film now and then.

Because Kodachrome and Kodak Ektachrome slide films can help you discover what its potential really is.

With Kodachrome ASA 64, your camera can introduce you to a world of brighter, crisper images.

And Kodachrome ASA 25 film?

Well, it's simply the best slide film Kodak makes in every respect but speed. It delivers clean, rich color. The highest sharpness. And the finest grain.

Kodak slide films also include a variety of versatile Ektachrome films.

Like Ektachrome 64, for excellent color and very fine grain.

Ektachrome 160, color-balanced for artificial illumination.

And Ektachrome 200 and 400. Kodak's fast color slide films for higher shutter speeds, extended flash range and maximum depth of field.

Expecting great things from your '35? Fill'er up with Kodachrome or Ektachrome slide film.

Then see what she can really do.



KODAK
PUTS LIFE INTO PICTURES



COVER

THE ULTIMATE BLASPHEMY



By Peter Lewis

He was an intense, youngish man with his left hand jammed into the pocket of his beige jacket, and when he presented his ticket to the favored section of a sold-out St. Peter's Square to attend Pope John Paul II's weekly audience from 10 a.m. the guard didn't even look twice. He soon wished that he had. In a blurred moment of frenzy, Mehmet Ali Agca, a Turkish terrorist whose road to Rome began 18 months ago when he made up his mind to slay the pontiff, abruptly struck at the object of his obsession last Wednesday with a burst of fire from a nine-mm. Browning pistol. The 84-year-old, trembling gunman's bullets failed to kill the most popular Pope in modern times. But he will have well won the heart out of John Paul's remarkable legacy by permanently damaging his rugged countenance.

In the first days following the mystifying attack, doctors attending the Pope

at Rome's Gemelli hospital after a 5 1/2-

hour operation to repair the horrific damage to his abdomen by a slug, refused to comment on his condition, let alone to say whether he would recover the strength to pursue his vigorous stewardship of the Catholic Church. By Sunday, however, it seemed that on news of his survival the Pope—whose 81st birthday fell on Monday—was at least out of im-

mediate danger. A hospital bulletin said that "the postoperative process is evolving favorably" and there was even talk of a bedside broadcast by the pontiff.

The continuing risk to John Paul's life lay in the danger of infection after surgery to remove a length of damaged bowel and to create a temporary bypass—lengthy hospital stays are anathema—to permit his bowel to heal without the strain of carrying body waste. The fear that John Paul might never fully recover from his devastating wound was raised Friday by a member of the three-man team that started operating on the Polish-born pontiff minutes after he was rushed, semi-conscious, into a hospital emergency ward.

"He will need an iron constitution if he is not to be diminished to some degree," said one surgeon.

The strategizing on the Pope's life, ranging just six weeks after the shooting of President Ronald Reagan and less than six months after John Lennon's murder, fell like a hammer blow. This was it—was the unthinkable that had happened, the ultimate desecration, an

Maclean's

May 10, 1981

MACLEAN'S/MAY 10, 1981 17



John Paul is shot (left), and collapses, bleeding into his sleeveless shirt, may have torn the head out of the poppy.

even that brought the Christian world to its knees in prayer for the Pope's soul. It was the moment of the soul, the "Pope from far away," as he carried himself on strong legs into the shoes of St. Peter 31 years ago (see page 30), who had travelled the world to steal men's hearts with his deceptively simple charm and evident concern for the agony of the human condition, while striking their words to accept the church's traditional teachings.

It was after 5 p.m. in St. Peter's Square when John Paul, as one of his usual public audiences, completed a circuit of the crowd of 18,000, waved a greeting to a bystander and embraced a little girl with all the familiar affection and warmth before proceeding as his way. Minutes later, the 60-year-old pontiff with the physique of an athlete had crumpled backward in his "Popemobile," the open popemobile in which he makes so many of his public appearances, his muscular white robe already marked with blood. The burst of shots, from a little more than eight metres away, was so fast that people standing near the killer, like Caterina Damiani, heard only two of the three shots. "The Pope finished only slightly, then fell," she said. "He in the absence, right arm and left hand, John Paul sagged sideways, his lips paraded is a grimace. As his private secretary struggled to support him and plainclothes police cleared a path out of the square, the crowd sent up a terrible wail.

What happened next sparked a hot controversy in medical circles. As the Pope was carried to an ambulance parked by the Vatican's Arci of the Belts, papal aides hurriedly ruled that neither sending him to Santa Spirito hospital, a rather grimy but excellent state establishment, nor a clinic a kilometre away, the papal would be directed to the modern Gemelli Catholic University Hospital three kilometres from St.

Peter's. It was a winding 20-minute stretch of which the Pope passed faintly in Poland—and many doctors say the demand could have cost John Paul his life had he been brought along heavily. They mention that, at any rate, the location of the exchange may well have aggravated his wounds.

By Sunday, however—with the Pope recovering selected visitors in his sterilized intensive-care unit and doctors reporting the first signs of spontaneous movement of his damaged intestines, much debate turned academic. And the question, which faced the Pope's first incredulous, "How could they do this?" had in any case switched to the "why" of "who" behind the mysterious assassination attempt. Mobs of

Ali Agca, the would-be killer, did nothing to provide the answers that he was a fanatic soldier in the basement of murder was evident from what he said, his past and the way he handled his weapons in St. Peter's Square before being wrested to the ground—the bullets he got off struck the Pope, a moving target two days gone, in the wound two hours earlier in the throng—but what was less clear was his motive for wanting to kill John Paul and whether he acted alone.

Investigators at the Questura, Rome's police headquarters, quickly sensed similarities that Agca had to something in the actual shooting. But they gained the conviction as they pieced together his strange background

An private secretary Stanislaw Gierszak holds up the wounded pontiff, seconds after the attack, as an ambulance

and movements that he had been actively aiding an ill-grown journey to the square. "We think it can be documented to prove that others are involved in this," said Deputy State Prosecutor Lucio Biffi, a specialist in terrorism. "My bet is that he was acting in the pay of an international subversive group."

However, the 35-year-old Agca himself claimed the attack had been a killing. A recent study of a leadlet found in his pocket as he was bundled into the Questura declared, "Agca, have killed the Pope so that the world may know of the thousands of victims of impen-

itance." But, as his interrogators stretched into hours, those days, he seemed to delight in confounding his interrogators, saying at first that he was a leftist supporter of George Hakkas' extreme Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine and then switching the story to admit his connections with Turkey's right-wing terrorist faction. His remarks drove one frustrated detective to call him "a lyin' son-of-a-bitch." Another Questura official, Simeone Nicata, described Agca as "extremely closed and tough—inside the nose."

The would-be killer was decidedly

that. A convicted murderer in his native country—in February, 1978, he shot dead his wife, Ipek, editor of the *Journal daily*, Milliyet—Agca succeeded in escaping from the maximum-security Kartal prison in Istanbul that Newroz, the leader of the conspiracy of right-wing guards. A few days later, John Paul II escaped to Turkey. Agca declared to a newspaper in the port of Izmir, where he descended, in a chamber of the Maids of the Maids Grandmothers.

Instead of carrying out his threat, however, he dropped from sight. In the next 18 months, his pedigree was made something of a gaussian's grand tour of Europe, visiting Denmark, Switzerland, Italy, West Germany, Yugoslavia, Bel-

gium and an opportunity they can't get at home."

Others in Perugia and neighboring Florence, where the flourishing overseas community includes 3,000 students, are less tolerant. The students are highly politicized, they say, the center hub of revolutionary activity. One professor, who asked not be named, said, "In the name of liberty, Italy is a sewer which attracts all the excrement of the world." Veterinarian Mario Risi Alberti says, "They come and clog our universities. They don't study. I know one Iranian who slept for three years." The university's rector, Franco Scarsini, says the country can no longer afford its tradition of academic free-for-all. The government, in fact, is trying to reform the foreign intake, imposing strict entrance requirements by the end of the year. Adds Scarsini, "Quite apart from any possible terrorist threat we simply can't continue to accept foreign students indiscriminately. Many of them aren't good enough to enter our universities. Why should they profit from our degree?"

—SUSAN LUNDEN

Concealed in the grove of academe

While Turkish leaders and Italian police were talking at the international terrorism angle last week, in the wake of the shooting of the Pope, there was little need to go far to explain why Mehmet Ali Agca had seemingly eluded capture in the 18 months after his escape from prison Turkey. As with the West Germans in the United States, there were a hundred places—from the drug subculture of West Berlin to dragnet circles in a dense European city, set to monitor the beaches of Spain—where shelter might exist for someone who had got on the wrong side of the law and now here would Agca have found a better background into which to melt than in the university at Perugia, the medieval capital of Umbria in central Italy, where police say he was registered as a student.

Since 1981, Perugia has educated more than 140,000 foreigners at its Uni-

versità di Cultura per Stranieri (Foreign Students' College), says Carlo Vassalli, administrative director. In the early days most were northern Europeans "of good families" seeking the beautiful language, art and fun for which Italy is renowned. They blended into the foreign clusters, not only of Perugia but of Bologna, and Florence, and other cities of Italy with large foreign student populations.

Since the ovatic crisis of 1978, however, more-or-less Italy has attracted many more students from such Mediterranean and African countries as Libya, Algeria, Greece and Nigeria and also from Iran. There are 84 Turks among this year's foreign intake of 11,000 at Perugia's Vassalli, who recalls that Agca attended a single language class on April 10, says these foreign students are "very nice. You might call it the politics of petrostates, but we must increase commercial and cultural links with the developing countries," adds Professor Giorgio Orsi, who teaches Italian. "Certainly there are a few foreign students here to play politics but the most are serious students who



Agca under arrest in Turkey before escape, captured in Rome last week; (below) foreign students at Florence university, highly politicized hotbeds of revolution



gana, Spain and Italy on fake passports. He also made a side trip to Tunisia. His first visit to Rome appears to have come last December, when he checked in at a modest pension, the Iba, near the Flaminio Center. In early April, Agca turned up in Prati (see page 28), before setting off again for unknown parts in Italy and then to Spain's Balearic Islands. On his return to Rome last Monday, he looked in at his old pension, whose owner later stated that he never returned but made a number of telephone calls. When Agca left, his shadow never left his master to St. Peter's only two days after booking in, he left behind a briefcase containing a car-tracker for his weapon and a letter to Tashkent, describing both "Russian and American imperialism."

The horror that followed stunned the world—Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau deplored the boudoir of a scoundrel "as capable of respecting the lives of God's own messengers"—but it came close to breaking the hearts of Italians, whom even the worst excesses of the Red Brigade had failed to baffle against much as art. "What have things come to if even the safety of the Pope is not assured?" asked an anguished editor of

Travelling in the hand of God'

That was a different kind of Pope from "far away," as he put it, melted immediately. The very next day, as Vaticano-ologists were still trying to untangle the ramifications of the election of a Communist blue Pope on the banks of the Tiber, he took an unassisted stroll through St. Peter's Square en route to say a solo Polish prayer. Catching tourists and photographers off guard, he strolled confidently through the crowd, raising the arms of his white-gloved right hand to encourage, but not to gesture onto official. There he was, already at the center of attention, already expertly养 it.

When he held his first public audience—with the press—reporters and photographers jostled over each other not only to get a quote but also to touch his powdery dry white hands, to receive a blessing. The style of his first audience was set that day. Fawning



Above, Gorbaciov, a victim of the attack (left), and a visitor comforted in St. Peter's Square

in *Il Messaggero*, the Rome daily. His homonym drew some comfort from the fact the assailant was a foreigner. It had flashed upon every mind in an immediate aftermath of the shooting that the papal assassin might in fact have been a Red Brigade hit man. "I think I speak for all Italians when I say

I'm glad it wasn't one of us," said television newscaster Mario Pastore.

But the Pope's safety was never far from the knowledge that little but the immensity of his person and olive robes protect the Pope. In fact, with only 50 Italian guards and the Swiss guards of the Vatican to guard him, he is presumably less



John Paul to Poland to touch his powdery dry white hands

the traditional pontiff's shoulder chaf, he chose instead to walk slowly down the aisle of the Sala delle Benedizioni, stopping to chat, exchange an anecdote, putting out words in one of the many languages he speaks, connecting with his blue eyes.

It was hardly surprising that a new, thin-jawed, balding man, a former communist and ardent harsh central magistrate, would publicly resemble his new papal predecessor. In fact, the Pope's and Agca's heads had the same profile. First Pope in instead, when two priests greeted his arrival, First to visit a Communist country—Poland—where the numbers defied relevance. First to visit concentrations camps, first to Japan's atom-bomb sites. In the US he made 60 speeches in six cities and pasted Yankos Studios with 80,000 people.

He wanted to galvanize the world and he did it. In Rome, seven women and two children were crushed to death in the stampede to see him. In Brazil, three

From the very beginning, with his church in confusion around him, he set himself up as a target—a target around which there might be a spiritual consolation. With an apparent voraciousness for contact, he set himself a travelling schedule worthy of a "wild" Pope, setting off in his crucio-embroidered Altalba jambie jet. First Pope to visit Mexico, where his yellow and white colors had his route. First Pope in instead, when two priests greeted his arrival. First to visit a Communist country—Poland—where the numbers defied relevance. First to visit concentrations camps, first to Japan's atom-bomb sites. In the US he made 60 speeches in six cities and pasted Yankos Studios with 80,000 people.

He wanted to galvanize the world and he did it. In Rome, seven women and two children were crushed to death in the stampede to see him. In Brazil, three

protected in Italy than when he travels abroad, where security arrangements are handled by the host countries—principally to prevent the pontiff from being overwhelmed by his admirers.

The question of security, indeed, lies at the root of John Paul's episcopal papacy. In travelling further than any previous Pope, it has every intention of doing so. He will have made it a duty to rip down the barriers between himself and his flock. Those who observe his often ordeals say this willingness to be seen, touched and逼近ed has contributed more than any other single factor to his charisma. The crucial question now is whether his grave injuries or the dictates of security will force him to play a more reclusive role, to become like some of his predecessors in the distant past, a "pensioner of the purple." Many people who know him doubt this. "In contrast he won't change his style," says Mag. Ralph Brown, a Britishophile. "It's a gift to the papacy to be that sort of man—a man of the people." Doctors treating John Paul at the Gemelli hospital at week's end were not so sure. The body, they pointed out, has limits to which even a Pope must bow. □

women died in the crowd and the pontiff had to take refuge in a bus. And of course there were the dead throngs in Ireland, Turkey, Pradollano, the grenade in Karachi. Of his personal safety, he said only that "I am travelling in the hand of God."

What was perhaps least initially on the papal mind-blast, but is more than clear now as the church is forced to take stock, is that this is also a very complex Pope, not easily pigeonholed. Behind the personal touch is a real fear of doctrinal contamination. He spoke bravely and courageously of the poor in Tondo, a slum outside Manila, but at the same time while publicly condemning his own people's language. In fact, the Pope's foreign and ancestral harsh central magistrate. He spoke passionately for the freedom of the church in Communist countries, but acknowledged the "red papacy" of Latin America to develop political involvement for spiritual development of the masses. His papacy so far has tried to a very individualistic line, halfway between tradition and compromise.

Whatever divides Roman Catholics on both the traditional and progressive wings have been closed this visit. Masses with the rock star appeal, there is no doubt that he has succeeded to lead some of the riff raff who were threatening the church when he stepped into the shoes of the liberator. Perhaps it took nearly losing his life to drive home the fact that this Pope has already vastly changed what is expected of the papacy.

—ANGELA FERANTE

WORLD



International celebrities at his victory talk of suspense buds on the magnolia

Now the trouble begins in earnest

Mitterrand faces difficult battles ahead

By Marc McDonald

The ancient three-story townhouse on the obscure Left Bank street which nestles between *Bréda* and *Saint-Germain* to the Seine was once a relay on a post, a way station for 17th-century travellers. Inside the courtyard at 22, Rue de l'Arche, Jeanne de Valois, a magnolia tree which its owner wears as his emblem, sits. This week there is talk of buying the sprawling residence that rates as a major acquisition to the *Le Monde* and burst into full flower May 10, when France chose the first day of June as the date to overturn 50 years of conservative rule and start the work of the house, François Mitterrand, an its first *Conseil constitutionnel* in nearly 50 years.

In the wake of the all-night street dancing that broke out at the Bastille and throughout Paris in testimony to just how deeply that change had been yearned by so many who had felt themselves disenfranchised for so long, Mitterrand's abide has become another kind of war station, a grimly besieged waiting room for the Elysée Palace which Mitterrand is to take possession of this week. In the days since his stunning upset of departing President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, by

nearly four per cent of the vote, such as cavorting parade of well-wishers, political collaborators and absent friends have paraded the street that Mitterrand last week still clung to make a quick courtesy call on his neighbour, exuding the hellos and promising that it wouldn't end.

But the turmoil into which his election has thrown France promises to last, and even the elation on the Rue de l'Arche, as the country now faces yet another round of political and electoral manoeuvring for the legislative elections he will call for the last two weeks in June. From the president-elect himself has no idea about the outcome of the battle of May 10, and receiving the news of his victory at the grandstand house of the Hotel Vieux Marais, the hostelry from which he had presided as mayor of the bastion of Château-Châtenay, for Mitterrand, he commented, "Now the trouble begins."

The elections are as gamble which Mitterrand was not prepared to win. If voters return as the Centre-Right majority to the National Assembly, he will be the first president to confront a hostile parliament since the Olympian figure of Charles de Gaulle isolated the Fifth Republic's constituents to his own advantage in 1968. That could provoke a

paralyzing institutional crises and even the need for a new constitution—as well as a new Sixth Republic.

If the Left scores a tight win on its mandate, its hold on parliament is no more assured. With the Socialists now viewing an estimated quarter of the national vote, the most it will depend on the surely and internally unpredictable Communist Party, which has made itself the only major bedfellow for the moment, but not without a price in mind.

So unaccustomed has France become to the alternation of power that some pundits have predicted that the only thing Gaullist will leave behind is the Elysée that will work for his successor in the secret code to activate the country's nuclear *force de frappe*. But Mitterrand will also find himself here to the very won for which he used Gaullist—a 15-per-cent inflation rate and 1.7 million unemployed. If the country's two main unions last week agreed to give him a honeymoon, they also ensured that some of his election promises will be kept, a hike in the minimum wage of an initial



Police in Paris celebrate victory to show how deeply change was needed

some of the country's best-respected leaders. Under the popular prime minister of Pierre Mauroy, the last soft-spoken mayor of Lille, he is the perfect legitimate political ally needed to lead the Socialists' election campaign and keep a certain relationship with the Communists, his traditional master in all but expected to include Claude Cheyron, a 61-year-old former ambassador who now directs the European Community's aid and development program with such flair that he has won the admiration of the Third World, and Jacques Delanoë, 56, a seasonedобрещи with social democratic leanings who has served not only the Bank of France but former Gaullist Prime Minister Jacques Chirac-Décaux.

While Washington still regards his victory warily, above all because the U.S. embassy in Paris completely misread the election results, he may not prize White House support by having to file a border policy law against the Soviets and an hawk of Israel, despite the fact that he quite literally does not speak their language. As Ronald Reagan, Mitterrand is one of the few world leaders who in fact has never managed to master English.

What his election augers for Franco-Canadian relations is less clear. This is one reason why Ambassador Gérard Pelletier has been asked to prolong his departure from Paris. Federal diplomats unanimously suggest that Mitterrand will be less likely to play the Quebec card in his relationship with Ottawa, but in fact one wing of the Socialist Party may maintain just as close and supportive relations with the Liberal government as have the Godfathers.

In the task of putting together a cabinet for the country, however, compromise will be the name of the next game.

Mitterrand heading his ministry.

Opposite: Giscard (left), foreign minister Jean-Paul Poncelet, environment minister Michel d'Ornano, crossed fingers

30 per cent by the end of June—and the start of negotiations toward a 35-hour week. With the Bank of France repeatedly forced to intervene last week to keep the falling franc within the European monetary system's safety net, and the Paris stock exchange spiraling into a sell panic as shares of these banks and 11 industrial heavyweights that the Socialists have proposed in its manifesto, the economy will be Mitterrand's first major test.

Whether Mitterrand will be able to restore confidence in the business community will partly depend on his ability to shoot—a secret he has earned in a one-poker ever since the last round of voting. It promises to be



Mitterrand heading his ministry.

dental game. Happily, it is a talent that Mitterrand has displayed with such remarkable success that his enemies have suggested that he is an unopposed opportunist. Born into a poor conservative family 64 years ago in Fréjus's fishing port, he has been a Communist since his 18th birthday. His mentor, Adrian Marie Mitterrand, came late in life to official socialism—so late in fact that when he took over the party leadership is a surprise draft 16 years ago he was not even a member.

In the interval, Mitterrand has managed to shepherd the Socialists from a ragtag band which commanded barely five per cent of the vote in 1969 to what is undisputedly the country's largest single party—a victory that is now all the more complete since it has been accomplished without the Communists when he last fought most of his life.

Abandoned by many just before the disastrous 1976 legislative elections, then apparently dumped by much of his own party as late as last summer, Mitterrand's ultimate dream seemed to gravely dimmed when he was moved to remark, "I would seem that history doesn't like me." In fact, as the new president's friends like to point out, through all his reverses—including hints of scandal of which he was later definitely cleared—he has held on to a belief in his personal destiny.

It was a month ago he could already claim 77 years ago to be a young resistor on the run from the Gestapo. Holding out in a Paris apartment, he spatted a place on the piano, moved into a pair of leather trousers and a shirt and started, "I'm going to marry her." Within the year, he had made good the promise, wedding Danielle Gouze, a schoolteacher's daughter who had become a volunteer nurse in the Hautes Vosges, the mother of their two grown sons, one a journalist, the other a lawyer, as well as a grandmother. France's new first lady is a discreetly offbeat 36-year-old belletrist, as impassioned an idealist as her mate. Already a Socialist when he met her, Danielle Mitterrand announced last week that, while carrying on all her presidential wifey duties, she would not give up her work for certain causes, including no doubt El Salvador's tragic insurgents.

Mitterrand's own profile is not nearly as cloudy as is his wife's. Despite 30 years in the political front lines, he remains to this day what one newspaper called "the spines of French public life." He is never without a book in one bulging coat pocket and has penchant for showing up his is legendary. Already somewhat behind schedule for his rendezvous with history, some observers are beginning to wonder how he will comport himself now that he has arrived. But if Mitterrand's reign—the touch of France's future—remains

as hazy as anything else is, so is his style, the way he will act. Having already sparred a mere eight hours in the Elysée because of a dispute over the French language to be used in his international communications, the man who has made the Elysée his aristocratic castle, the man who has made the Elysée his heretic, the man who has made the Elysée his bête noire, makes clear that this time around—an even more difficult act—it—the French presidency is back in the "bands of the bourgeoisie." □

Middle East

Posturing to the brink of war

As a US army Philip Habib shuttle between Damascus, Beirut and Tel Aviv last week, belligerent statements by Prime Minister Menachem Begin were matched by an outright refusal by Syria's President Hafez Assad to budge on the issue between them: the stationing of Syrian SAM-6 missiles in Lebanon's Bekaa Valley. But at week's end there were signs that Begin, under pressure from opposition leader Shimon Peres and senior de-

fense officials, was softening somewhat a stance that, to some, had always seemed a mere pretext for a war in the Golan. In response to a massive 30-electoral campaign as stemming from a previous suggestion that Israel's interests were at stake.

The situation in the Bekaa Valley, like his heretic in Paris, makes clear that this time around—an even more difficult act—it—the French presidency is back in the "bands of the bourgeoisie." □

Begin, too, watched by an increasingly anxious electorate, publicly hung tough. But the words were not the only issue on which he had recently played the hard man role to the left. With less than six weeks before the gen-



Syrian SAM-6 missiles and radar in the Bekaa Valley (above); Israel's right is political barometer breaker of world class



eral election, the 68-year-old champion of the Zionist right had managed to play all local and new issues—the Israeli labor movement, which treated him with contempt through 20 years of opposition; Chassidic Rebbe Schneid, whom he expertly sound of participating in the massacre of Jews in the Second World War; the Communists, who stuck him in a Soviet labor camp in Poland; and the British, who keeps his underground fighters in the last year of the Palestine mandate.

A matter of months ago, Begin had seemed a spent force, perhaps the last gasp of a 30-year-old. But group elections were pre-strike in whispering that only the names of modern physiognomy were keeping him upright. They underestimated the most potent drug of all: the prospect of a war—in this case for power. For all



Shultz (left) and Kissinger. Everyone knows how to start an action

his cravings for respectability, Begin remains a political borsom brawler of world class and last week that talent landed him back in the lead. A *Jerusalem Post* poll gave him an eight-per-cent edge in personal popularity over Peres while an earlier poll put the parties neck and neck, with 41 seats each for Labor and Likud in the 120-member house.

While Begin may not have mastered the Syrian missile crisis in order to win the election, he was clearly wringing every ounce of party advantage from it. He used the misapprehension as many other levers of office, including measures to tax car addressed. And "concern to security" became a term that would fight "with the blood of the Machshev" if the offending missiles were not removed from Lebanon and when Syria showed a second reconnaissance drone with a 1,400-kilometer range, he termed it a "serious" event.

By this time, however, there were signs that Begin had got himself too far ahead of his military advisers, past and present. In his chief of staff Refael Eitan reacted much more cautiously to the drone incident, which he approached more to expose Syrian nerves than to activate aggression. Baruch Itzhak's predecessor, Nordini Gav, had warned Begin against "dragging us into a war which is not inevitable," while former defense minister Ezer Weizman, before cutting short a U.S. tour, wondered aloud whether Begin had considered the consequences of his thesis: "Everyone knows how to start an action," said Weizman, "but few know how to stop it." Opposition leaders, too, berated Begin.

*The Machshev were a proxy Jewish who reflected during the second century B.C. against the effects of King Antiochus to support Judas.

gan for "warlike" statements and to claim that there was a rational consensus in favor of military action should the Syrians not back down.

Whether or not it was Begin's "ambitious handling" of the crisis—as the conservative paper *Yediot Aharonot* suggested—which had blown it out of proportion, there was little doubt at week's end that Tel Aviv was attempting to tame matters down. And so also had his difficulties. Despite Foreign Minister Abiel-Hakim Chikdasi's "determined" that Syria "would not submit to any Israeli threat or blackmail," the government of Arab financial support for Syrian troops in Lebanon, which the Arab "peacekeeping force," another Arab too was rather out on its own.

—JIM FLEMING

With files from Eric Silver in Jerusalem and Sean Tuohy in Beirut

Brussels

Softly, in the footsteps of Haig

A decidedly subdued Caspar Weinberger set foot last week in Europe for the second time in six weeks to discuss with NATO defense ministers the thorny topic of spending programs. Gone was the student spirit of the U.S. defense secretary he'd used in Bonn last month, when it looked as though Europe and the United States would be seriously at odds with each other. Weinberger looked tired after his flight from Washington, followed by two days of intensive technical discussions. He answered reporters' questions diplomatically and, in the privacy of the meetings, too, was plain that he "be not too Europe," policy which made his first appearance with Secretary of State Al-

exander Haig at the NATO foreign ministers' meeting in Bonn the previous week (Maclean's, May 18), was to continue. The message seemed to have got home to the Reagan administration that if it refused to talk to the Soviets, they would go elsewhere, and that the administration's diplomatic options to plan to station cruise and Pershing missiles in Europe, and to increase significantly their defense spending.

As a result, last week's revision of the commitment of all NATO countries to increase their contributions by three per cent a year in real terms was more harmonious than anticipated. Ministers reaffirmed their commitment to the three-per-cent target and announced its extension for another two years from 1986. On the other hand, Weinberger conceded that past performance and "quality of contribution" should be taken into account. This was in line with West German Defense Minister Hans Apel's argument that his country had almost met the three-per-cent target for 10 years while U.S. spending had lagged. Apel's reference to quality was an allusion to the German contention that its troops are more highly trained and disciplined than the Americans and less subject to drag along. It is likely that NATO will move away from the three-per-cent formula which gives those who are cost-efficient and is open to abuse in other ways figures can be distorted by such crude factors as a force's rank.

Weinberger's softly, softly approach



comes just as the book of Haig's promise that the U.S. would take seriously the Carter commitment to seek talks with the Soviets aimed at reducing the numbers of long-range nuclear weapons in Europe. Nevertheless, the communiqué issued at both meetings was too vague to permit a definitive judgment of the true intentions of the Reagan administration in this regard.

—IAN MATHER

U.S.A.

A government watchdog without teeth to bite

Consumer protection falls under the Reagan axe

By Michael Posner

From the first days of his 1980 presidential campaign, Ronald

Reagan vowed his intent to kick the spattering engine of American industry back to full-throttle life. After only four months in office, it is clear he means to do just that. Early devolution of trade in prices, participation of auto pollution control standards, opening federal lands to resource development—decades of the Reagan administration in review. In summary, the regulatory shield that, in his view, impedes economic recovery. Only allow business to do business, Reaganites believe, and investment capital needed to finance the resurgence will spring up again.

The latest White House initiative in its move to dismantle the Consumer Product Safety Commission (CPSC)—at least to cripple its authority. The creation of an independent federal commission, the CPSC was established in 1972 to set standards (voluntary or mandatory) that would ensure safe

products under management decisions. Last October, annually 45 million kids, or one in less than 15, by government order, were consumer harm has been cut by 25 per cent in most of the state. Bodily injuries are purified and grass that was 16 cm high a year ago on El-Patin's marsh is now under three months, the cattle which normally feed

water management choices. Last October, annually 45 million kids, or one in less than 15, by government order, were consumer harm has been cut by 25 per cent in most of the state. Bodily injuries are purified and grass that was 16 cm high a year ago on El-Patin's marsh is now under three months, the cattle which normally feed

water park visitors' view (below) and in detail like a concrete or tv



on the grass are living weight. May is usually the rainy season in Florida, when thunderstorms build up over the ocean and roll inland by afternoon. This year, for some reason, it's been happening Florida normally gets 112 cm a year, 301 cm a year ago, twice as much. The water has been released off the by the local fire department, but right now, come anyway, some with telephone lines to round this little patch of Water Park history. Geologists say the water is probably over, but it's a good bet the West Side Community Pool, right at the edge of the hole, won't be open any soon.

"We've got a good spring," explains Dennis Phillips, owner of a thousand supply store 45 metres from the tip of the hole. "There's 70 feet of sand, then 30 feet of clay and then porous limestone that absorbs water. When there's an enough water to inundate the limestone, it collapses."

And water in Florida is an increasingly scarce commodity. "This is the worst drought I've seen in 10 years," says John Wozniak, deputy director of the south

paners from injury or death. Its history has been bumpy at best. Consumers complained it took time to implement and that the costs of implementing standards outweighed the benefits derived. Government assessments and enforcement. Still, after the release last week by the Consumer Federation of America credits the CPSC with preventing nearly 300,000 injuries a year—and saving more than 2,000 lives. It is the Reaganites' ability to maintain this record that many consumer activists are threatening by the Reaganites pre-emptive blow.

Writing in the Senate earlier this month, Reagan's budget director, David Stockman, said, "Our preference would be to abolish the agency entirely." But Stockman's letter arrived only days before two separate congressional committees were scheduled to debate the administration's 1982 budget, and most senators had already staked out their

positions water management choices. Last October, annually 45 million kids, or one in less than 15, by government order, were consumer harm has been cut by 25 per cent in most of the state. Bodily injuries are purified and grass that was 16 cm high a year ago on El-Patin's marsh is now under three months, the cattle which normally feed

water park visitors' view (below) and in detail like a concrete or tv

There may be other reasons why Florida is going dry. The relentless migration of industry to the region's Sun Belt has paved over large areas of the region. Water that once seeped naturally into the soil—and helped hold up the limestone caverns in the earth's crust—is now percolated from drying so. The pro-business Reagan administration might take note that in a delicate ecosystem such as Florida's, the human hand may be carrying out heavy ecological costs. —M.P.



Stockwell (left), McCallum (right) charge there does not build in quality of life

positions. Even so, the senators' bills approved last week in committee represent the virtual encapsulation of the commission's powers. Its operating budget would be slashed by 30 per cent, 300 staff posts would be cut, and brighter stars with less security would have to be fired. Instead of mandatory standards, the commission would first be required to negotiate with industry in setting voluntary standards, only when voluntary compliance failed to reduce the risk could mandatory rules be considered. Eight of 13 regional offices would be closed. Their advisory councils would be replaced by a seven-man chronic disease panel appointed by the National Institute of Health.

Other changes that would affect the commission's independence were only narrowly beaten back in committee and may resurface during floor debate. These would give Congress a de facto veto over commission rules, transfer its authority over chronic diseases to another federal agency, require prior justice department approval for all OSC court actions and move the entire agency into the orbit of the commerce department.

Other changes that would affect the commission's independence were only narrowly beaten back in committee and may resurface during floor debate. These would give Congress a de facto veto over commission rules, transfer its authority over chronic diseases to another federal agency, require prior justice department approval for all OSC court actions and move the entire agency into the orbit of the commerce department.

"Business does not like to be told that it must make protective decisions to eliminate," explains Ruth Frequent, legislative director of the National Consumers League. "But consumers is the only place where the law does not build in quality of life factors. Government has to do it, even if it means higher costs."

Critics of the commission's existing structure believe even a scaled-down mandate can yield some cost. Other federal agencies—Food and Drug, Environmental Protection—already operate within the executive branch without division of authority. Says National Association of Manufacturers' lawyer Jim Amundson: "With a single ad hoc-

oversight of a house as Frangston's \$500,000 estate in Ontario, N.Y.

To hear McCall off it, she was but more than just a rock groupie. She claims an unbroken "partnership" in which she helped the 38-year-old Frangston pursue his career in return for half his assets. The 33-year-old blonde says she "lent him money and helped clothe him," introduced him to the "right" people and "set him on the road to success." Not so, contends Frangston. McCall was the inspiration for his song *Peney*, for Four Thoughts, but otherwise her contributions were limited to those of a traditional "male-female" relationship.

McCall first met Frangston in 1973, but a judge threw out the case as the grounds that having McCall's son



Senators Akaka and McCallum approve of military

plans would amount to judicial approval of adultery, a crime in New York state, because McCall had replaced his divorce her second husband, Nick Bridges, as the real manager for Frangston's group Handels Inc. McCall appealed, and the state's Supreme Court, showing that even dead judges know a thing or two about legislation, decided that adultery should not prevent a hearing.

Ever since Michelle Marin's landmark victory, courts regularly have had to decide just how far cases in the stuff of "every" couple's. Several of the more polarized cases have involved homosexual relationships, hairdresser Marilyn Barritt's nowwidely cited suit against Billy Jean King and Richard Hamm's actions against his former roommate, John Michael Tobolski, director of the hot muckin' Godspell. As a result, Manhattan attorney Alan Berlin, an expert on cohabitation law, urges would-be roommates to consult their lawyers as well as their hearts. Whatever the song says, love and contracts are the things that bring us together.

—RITA CHRISTOPHER

Partners in more than bed?

A once-popular song used to proclaim that love and marriage "go together" like a horse and carriage. Today, the lyrics would better fit a song celebrating love and money. And when we've been more suited to sing it, last week that British rocker Peter Frangston. He is currently being sued in White Plains, N.Y., court by former girl-friend Penelope McCall, who is demanding half his earnings from 1973 to 1978, when the couple lived together. She is also asking for half-

CANADA

Watching the watchers

A \$10-million tale of distrust and deception Ottawa will find hard to ignore

By Robert Lewis

Judge David McDonald must have realized that his royal commission on the secret security service had arrived as an Ottawa institution on Aug. 29, 1983, when he received a telephone threat on his life. Having already heard months of evidence about the pervasiveness of surveillance in the national psyche, McDonald should not have been surprised that the Moorsies promptly assigned him a protective detail, even while he continued his probe into who should oversee the watchers. After close to four years of study, the McDonald inquiry had the last word when it submitted the third—and final—volume of its findings to the government last week.

It is a tale of distrust and deception when it is the government itself that has charged its own security service with abuses. One of the 150 witnesses, John Shadforth, died before the task was completed; another, a perturbed security service operative, took his life after giving evidence; a third, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, checked his executive privileges at the commission's door, with the half-buttin' combination look, so testify in secret. By the time the inquiry winds down with the expected release of

Richard, McDonald and Gilbert; (below) Trudeau marks his "This doesn't cover up since the blanket was invented"

the report in the fall, the government will have cost more than \$10 million. Chairman McDonald has no suggestion that there is a "core report" among the three in the barrel. "You know," he observes, "what part of the apple people throw away?"

Despite national angst and government resistance to oversight, it will be difficult for Ottawa to ignore the fruits of the labor. They have been polished with care so that an interdepartmental committee of senior officials, charged with writing the code for national security laws, can release the commission's McDonald and his fellow commissioners, Toronto lawyer Donald Richard and Montreal lawyer Guy Gilbert, will then check the expanded version to decide if they can lend their imprimatur to the publication.

The publication is bound to end up with stains on its title, but one

thoughtful security service official allows: "It is important that we get it all out. We give a damn, because a security service can't operate without support of the citizens. It's important to assure people, even if they are a minority, that this is not some kind of secret police state." Adds a member of the commission: "Canadians will be more free, or less free, depending on what is done with what we say."

Because of hearings in public since the McDonald commission was appointed in July 1976, there is little doubt about its findings: starting with the October Crisis in 1970, there was a complete breakdown of communication between the government and the security service. At first, the sleuths at Richard covered up their knowledge in operations outside the law, itself at suspected subversives. Moorsies accused Moorsies of misleading them. Later, Moorsies alleged that ministers ordered a crackdown on the Front de Libération du Québec (FLQ) and other groups in the early 1970s, but looked like





other was when confronted with the unshockable fact that security service gurus would have to break laws to get in with the job.

In the panic that followed the 1970's kidnapping of British diplomat James Cross and the assassination of Quebec Labour Minister Pierre Laporte, the Trudeau cabinet concluded that the RCMP was not on top of the scene. Before the October Crisis, Trudeau had appointed ex-diplomat John Staines as the first national director, with a half-baked mandate to make the security service increasingly separate and civilian—but the forces rejected the outsider. So in June, 1971, the government established a separate branch under army Col. Alan Bourne in the sophomore-security-crafts office to review intelligence gleaned by the Mounties. The Trudeau government, MacLeod has learned, had also quietly established its own network of informants that spring to monitor Quebec labor unions and college campuses for the Prime Minister's Office (pmo). It became known as the "Vidal Group," after Claude Vidal, a former director of the Company of Young Canadians. Other participants included Trudeau staffers Jean-Pierre Mongeon, now an aide to Communications Minister France Fox, and Jacques Olivier, a former Quebec labor leader who is now an mp. The Vidal Group drew other support from the payroll of the Privy Council Office (PCO) and reported to Marc Lalonde, then Trudeau's chief of staff and now minister of energy.

In the early stages, the PCO-co group proposed to trade information with the security service. But the scheme, advanced without the knowledge of some 700 officials dealing with intelligence, was abandoned by security service director Staines. He convinced Trudeau that secret state police should not be bonding with members of a political party who, in turn, controlled a



Security mavericks Staines (left) and Bourne (right) were rejected by RCMP.

powerful government.

It was a time when Bourne's group was preparing a list of officials suspected of leaking state secrets, and which then-secretary-general Jean-Pierre Goyer was circulating to cabinet colleagues and friendly allies around the globe. It was a time, opponents say, when Ottawa was being warned about suspected separatists being passed to the Quebec government of Premier Robert Bourassa, based at forcing their ouster from his bureaucracy.

The McDonald committee looked into the Vidal Group, along with a handful of other revelations. But it concluded after listening to testimony that there had not been an illicit compact between the governors and the sleuths. In the end, McDonald did not even mention the Vidal Group in his report. One issue McDonald does address is

One issue McDonald does address is

whether or not the Trudeau cabinet sanctioned illegal acts back in the 1970s—and whether, in the 1980s, the security service can operate outside existing laws. The issue arose when the committee—over objections from government lawyers—released classified cabinet documents from Trudeau's cabinet committee on security and planning (Cosp) to the public. The October Crisis, said that there was an "inherent contradiction" between the rules of the RCMP as law enforcement agency and as intelligence gatherer. Sometimes members had to "undertake activities that are contrary to law and which would prove to be unacceptable and embarrassing." The security service wanted protection for members attempting to infiltrate terrorist cells who were forced to commit crimes "to prove themselves and gain acceptance"—say, by stealing dynamite and guns, or by stealing vehicles and funding documents.

It balanced the tricky matter to the committee as security and intelligence, also chaired by Trudeau. At a December, 1970, meeting the stars appealed for changes in the law and "immunity from arrest and punishment for (paid agents) who have to break the law in order supposedly to infiltrate movements like the FLQ." The public record shows only that cabinet deferred a decision.

Staines and then-RMIS commander William Higgin both testified that the government, at ordering a crackdown on the FLQ, had not had the intention of being broken. MacLeod, however, does not buy the digression. McDonald took key evidence on the point in secret, as dozens of who-knew-what may never survive the official shift of the records. Former cabinet secretary Gordon Robertson, who headed the top-level "security panel" at the time, told MacLeod's last week. "There was never any decision taken by cabinet. The policy was

not changed. The policy was—they could not commit crimes."

Another possibility is that ministers didn't ask because they knew what they didn't want to hear. Says George McDonald, defence-general responsible for the RCMP between 1988 and 1990: "We encouraged them [to] not say anything in writing, for national security purposes." Murray Scammell, a former deputy director of the committee, told the McDonald committee that a minister probably couldn't "live with" the knowledge that one of his organizations "had been using illegal capacities," added Scammell. "You had to advise the minister as completely as possible, and hope that the minister did not ask embarrassing questions." Hiding the truth? "Yes," Scammell replied. "I suppose you could put it that way."

Security service heads are dubious that a royal commission composed of a judge and two lawyers can bring itself to sanction violations of the law by police—even though they believe that it is sometimes necessary in the pursuit of justice and subversives. "The notion of an intrusive secret force is intrinsic to a democratic, Western society," notes one security service officer. "But we aren't going to be making these decisions any more. For months there has been a parade of people before McDonald who were called for doing just that."

For those implicated in a series of potential illegilities—the burning of a house, the theft of dynamite, the fanned "remarriage" of 300 informers, saw-thinned entries, mail openings and telephone taps—the months ahead will be filled with fear and loathing. Under provisions of section 13 of the Inquiries Act, they have been informed only that they could come in for critical mention in McDonald's reports. The list ranges from Donald McDonald, former security service operative on Montreal's G street, which was the scene of many of the tapes, to MacLeod and Goyer.

For the future, McDonald might opt, in effect, to acknowledge violations of the law by the security service. The Quebec inquiry by the former under-Chairman Jerry Topp has recommended in its report last March that the legislature formally adopt a code of ethics and conduct under which intelligence work should be carried on. McDonald might further suggest a security oversight panel composed of bipartisan notables as the British or American model. It is certainly going to urge the government to get a grip on the many contradictions, and, reportedly, recommends the establishment of a civilian service outside the

rest of the mounted. For example, he said, Commissioner Higgin's stop plan for a rifle to commemorate the force's 1973 centennial—baffled at the prospect that it could be used in crime. Higgin was underlined. He personally approved the design and special medal on the basis of the historical significance of the 20-30 Winchester Model 94 450-70 Commemorative. They were a rifle with few serial numbers, sold for as much as \$1,000. Goyer, meanwhile, was worried by almost constant conflict between Jean-Pierre Goyer was part of a long line of mavericks who failed to grow up if the other best is going to drop.

Does this look like the type of thing a father of three would drive?



YAMAHA VIRAGO.
MOTORCYCLING,
THE WAY IT SHOULD BE.



Making a civilian service accountable to the government or Parliament, may be an answer to the legacy of suspicion between politicians and police. The

A royal pain in the purse

With the construction set made to rise in the warm rays of the Supreme Court for a couple of weeks, parliamentarians, fresh from an 18-day Easter break, turned their relentless energy to either less esoteric matters last week—in B.C., a record 12.6-per-cent inflation rate and the slight increase in the Bank of Canada's interest rate in eight weeks to an unprecedented 18.88 per cent. But despite the troubling new statistics, the much-heralded two-day debate on the economy turned up few fresh insights, notwithstanding instead of bitter squabbling over how bad of Canadians are.

Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau told the Commons that, despite soaring inflation and wage-gone costs, Canadians are wealthier now than they were 10 years ago and that real disposable income has increased as average four-per-cent-a-year over the past decade. "Canadians are better off now than they were in 1965, too," scoffed New Democratic Party leader Ed Broadbent, who produced his own figures showing that in the just three years the average worker's real wages have dropped by \$35 a week. Broadbent also pushed the government to provide some relief for homeowners who can't meet rising mortgage payments. "There are many reasons for people to abandon their homes," replied Trudeau, who noted that the rate of foreclosures is actually dropping. He said that while the costs of home ownership have increased, so have wages. In a press conference earlier, Trudeau had paused on the ground

"adjustment of moral values" since the war and noted that it may lead to reassessments of how the free market society can work. "It used to be a no-no to have a maniac test, because citizens were basically honest," he said, "but they didn't try to rip off the system. But when it becomes a game, a sport to play the system so that you can arrange your unemployment insurance to go on a skiing holiday or to Florida, the maniacal test has changed."

Set it was Trudeau's finance minister, Allan MacEachen, who spent most of last week on the front lines. One back-bencher called him a "million wealthy old bachelor" and New Democrat Bob Rae roundly frosty. "The minister's commitment to social Darwinism would be quaint, were its effects not so devastating." It was Gary Flora MacDonald who finally drew him to even

the maniacal test.

Parliament with a charge that citizens were forced to live on dog food because of his government's policies. Such "sordid" comments, said the minister, were the product of an "agitated mentality."

By week's end the temper had subsided and while ordinary Canadians were left to ponder the latest sobering economic news—\$1 in 1971 is now worth \$1.025—the prime minister jetted off to Algeria for a states visit aimed at solving the problems of poor countries. New Democrat Margaret Mitchell wasn't the only MP unimpressed by last week's performance. "Until inflation starts hitting the middle class, the establishment parties won't take any notice," she said. But that may be beginning to happen. "Even some MPs are complaining."

—SUSAN REILY

British Columbia

No talk of an obituary

British Columbia judge and former federal justice minister Edward Bruce Falzon, 65, sat stiffly stiff in one of the banked white-cloaked seats in BC provincial courtroom 103. Anaged Falzon was down-clad defendant charged with narcotics possession, assault and theft under \$500. From two rows behind Falzon, who was then charged (for the second time in two years) with driving with a blood alcohol count of more than 0.6 per cent, came the room-filling voice of a perfumed, gum-snapping young girl. "Well Mr. Falzon," she intoned, "how does it feel?"

It was one more in a series of incidents that have dogged the former power of the Tory party—a man who was responsible for attracting into politics such bright young men as Michael Pitfield, Brian Mulroney, Marc Lalonde, Lowell Murray and Joe Clark. Late last week, in a different Vancouver courtroom 107 of visiting schoolchildren, he was finally absolved from another of his embarrassments. Vancouver call girl Wendy King, looking very Junior League in a tight pink dress, admitted that the "Slavy P." in her memory, The Wendy King Story, was not Falzon charged with that, she and her ghost-writer, Robert Wilson, raised an unconvincing apology. Outside the courteous Falzon admitted that the stress of the case had caused an alcohol problem to "The fine fine Falzon was arrested in March, 1979, he was fined \$200 and his driver's license suspended for three months."



King; and (below) Falzon: a name carved out over crime and horror comics



return, and that he would seek a respite during a four-to-six-week leave of absence from the bench.

The highly visible nature of Falzon's problems have caused anguish for family and friends. "I've been dismayed at the kind of treatment these inclined individuals have been given," says longtime Falzon friend and supporter Mulroney, now president of Iron Ore Co. of Canada. They are consistent, however, with a distinguished but peculiarly star-crossed career. Saved from BC blue-blood stock (a grandfather and great-uncle were BC premiers), Rhodes Scholar Falzon was first elected to Parliament as a brash young major campaigning in a by-election following the Second World War. Jew from a stamp and hair and as spring carrots, he first served out a name, "Pearlous Falzon," and the enduring name of crime and horror comes fast in 1949 by having the lurid drama excerpted from Canada. He did it, moreover, by the almost unheard-of route of pushing a private member's bill through a Liberal Commons, and he's more Tory back-bencher following a checky run for the Tory leadership in 1966, he became a provincial and federal justice minister in the Diefenbaker cabinet from 1967 to 1968. Falzon nevertheless joined the long and

distinguished list of figures who joined Dief's erratic defiance, leading to political banishment and eventual reacquisition from the cabinet. In a lage of political savvy, he returned to BC in a dimension, although in recent times he has become a bit of a figure who has the power to remove him from the bench, and a trial date for his driving charge will be set May 26. Conviction could result in a maximum jail term of 14 days. Yet Senator Murray, a former Falzon campaign manager, sums up the feeling of many who he cautions: "We are not talking here about an abattoir."

—THOMAS HOPKINS

The sportscar for a real individual.



YAMAHA SECA.
MOTORCYCLING.
THE WAY IT SHOULD BE.



So easy to Glory, why fight? Let's just ride the back roads again and all roads on the dammed (1979).

The ghost of the godfather

All these times I always felt guilty towards my family because I wasn't getting any better," Val Orlowski's voice cracked before recovering in a great healthy laugh. "I don't feel guilty anymore because now I know I didn't stand a chance." In 1986 the guilty godfather travelled to Montreal to get psychiatric help for neurons and postpartum depression. Horrified, she fell under the care of the late Dr. D. Evan Cameron, described by one colleague as "the godfather of Canadian psychiatry," at the Allan Memorial Institute of the Royal Victoria Hospital. Cameron's pioneering experiments in the use of long-lasting镇静剂 to treat severely handicapped patients years later so have been secretly funded by the CIA. (See "Orlowski," Feb. 12, 1989)—all but destroyed her life and left her with permanent brain damage. Last week, 13 years later, Orlowski settled out of court for \$60,000 and rests from the hospital where she and 35 others served as unwitting guinea pigs. Not that the money means much. "Dead and I figured it cost at least \$150,000 over the years for travel and expenses alone." To add insult to injury Orlowski had to pay for the "medication" Cameron administered, drugs that included massive doses of amphetamines, barbiturates and LSD. Orlowski is now joining with four other former Cameron patients in an attempt to sue the CIA for millions. Still, not for the money "I just wanted

someone to see they were sorry."

Her mistreatment began within two weeks of her epiphany arrival in Montreal. "Cameron chose me," she says. "I started getting吞服 capsules. It was horrifying. I couldn't understand why my treatment was so hard." Orlowski was never told that Cameron was experimenting on her. Funded over the years by more than \$94,000 in grants from a CIA front called the Society for the Investigation of Human Ecology, the psychiatrist became more and more daring in his doses and matches of drugs and use of brainwashing techniques. At the height of his experimentation he was dosing patients with LSD along with a handful of other drugs, hooking them up to electric shock gadgets and subjecting them for 12 hours a day, 30 days in a row to repeated taped recordings and transpersonal banter. He used to keep her near him. Cameron provided open LSD to take a job with the CIA, Orlowski says, to focus her brain damage back home. After three years Orlowski tried to break free, but found herself flying two or three times a year to Montreal to consult with the man she still trusted as "a god."

Through the years Cameron modified his methods, quietly dropping certain drugs and outfitting the tape-hating neurons, no one ever hinted to Orlowski that there were alternative treatments available. When Cameron resigned from the Royal Vic in 1985 he approached to patient care was hampered still. Orlowski continued to visit him, following his decline and getting intravenous drug injections in his Lake Placid home (near which Cameron was killed in a mountaineering accident in 1982). "All the other doctors and nurses used to awe of him," Orlowski says. "No one ever hinted to me that his methods were unusual. I just kept doing everything he told me. I wanted to touch to get well."

—ANNE BURKE

Orlowski: why you treated me so hard?

A Carry On Gang with teeth

If nothing else, it was bizarre—and became even more so as details appeared down several columns of *The Globe and Mail* last week. US federal agents had, last month, arrested two Canadian and eight American mercenaries, all linked with the Ku Klux Klan or neo-Nazi groups—just as they were about to set sail from New Orleans on a mission to overthrow the government of the tiny Caribbean island of Dominica.

In Toronto, meanwhile, *The Globe's* Peter Moon, who over the years has earned a solid reputation as an investigative reporter, has received word-hounds dashes from US law enforcement sources that the arrests would take place. The next day he was in Den-



Moon (right) sensed subplots as explosive eye drops to have "informants."

Perdue after John had been reinstated as police minister.

Meanwhile, from other sources, or "informants" he likes to call them, Moon found out the plot was organized last year by the then-Attorney General Ron McMurtry, who he claimed ensured that organized crime figures might be involved with members of the KKK. But the Klan, Moon reckons, must have fear translated by "The Jew" since it can't bear that the mercenaries were talking about killing him after their take-over. "I think he's the sort of gentleman who might take umbrage," Moon says, adding with a laugh. "I feel myself looking in the corner mirror more than usual." —WARREN GIBSON

British Columbia

Prognosis hopeful but uncertain

Death of a moderate Conservative candidate was moderately stalled last week as the 36-member board of directors of the B.C. Medical Association (BCMA) in a surprise move, voted to recommend that B.C.'s 3,700 doctors accept a provincial government fee increase of about 10 per cent over two years. The vote came after weeks of uncertainty in which both government and doctors stalled and paved the way for a last-minute breakthrough last week.

Unilateral introduction of extra billing would instead be done by doctors in Kamloops. Premier Bill Bennett vowed neither would not be destroyed by "irresponsible radicals" and the nation's top doc is to say:

• A special three-year B.C. Health Minister Jim Nielsen to reconstruct controversial Bill 18, which could outlaw

McMurtry: a scopic-epic, stupid system

McMurtry, "but they crossed the line and made a serious error in judgment. People could have been killed."

At this point, Moon, who was a private investigator for 45 years before he became a newspaperman in 1982, started to listen. Judge McMurtry, the self-styled Grand Wizard of the Canadian Klan, who couldn't take part in the proposed coup because he isn't allowed into the United States, McMurtry became increasingly nervous about Moon's information and dispatched a woman who had agreed to write a book with McMurtry on the plot to find out how much Moon knew. An hour later, says Moon, she turned on McMurtry and gave Moon documents and tapes covering the operation from beginning to end. Among the tapes were copies of interviews between CPW and those

—THOMAS HOPKINS



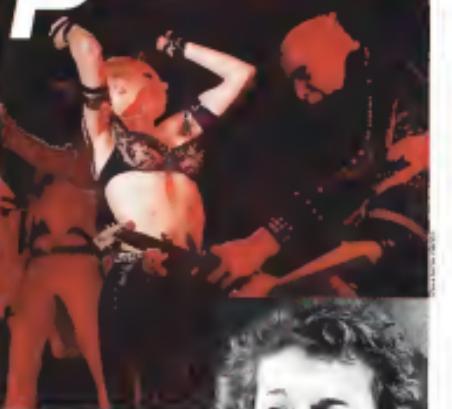
BC doctors' legal right to extra bill.

• Voluntary closure of dozens of doctors' offices throughout the province to generate more money as government intrusions.

• Dubbed "senators" by powerful B.C. labor leaders, government and doctors had shamed through months of observation of legislative talks, represented by as much as 25 per cent, before enhanced negotiations struck a deal in early May. The dense 25-13 bill voted to recommend acceptance, as a referendum later this month, is viewed as a clear win in the face of the belated negotiations of association President Alex Manderville, a practicing specialist, and the hard-line BCMA leadership. Telling the offer "appropriate," they wanted it repudiated and called as doctors to shut down offices before the BCMA convention in Port Alberni last week. The surprise switch of Manderville was authorized by the previously silent, "moderate" wing of the BCMA—mainly general practitioners who refused to be patted into the easy midlife opt-out. Manderville appeared to be using Said Victoria moderate Dr. Mike Bassett ("I like Alex but still playing the game, it's just that he's forgotten where the goals are").

• Medicare boosters are advised not to break out the champagne, however. Doctor's anger at government lobbying still runs high and Manderville's successor, Dr. Ray March, who took over last week, is, if anything, more militant than Manderville. As well, while agreeing to the settlement, the BCMA board stepped short of advising doctors to scrap so-called "no action" (balance billing) and withdrawal of government services. With neither of the provisions in the referendum measure, and still three weeks away, the conclusion of the much-taped and tangled B.C. medical system can only be left to stable

"We want to penetrate the world in every way. We want to get right into people's living rooms," declares **Wandy D. Williams**, lead singer and producer of The **Phantom**, a new-wave band prone to smashing guitars and sets on fire. A former child performer, Williams, 21, of Hurley, Ohio, Williams was a rock-n-roll chart artist before converting to music. Sparring, slaying, and fighting on his horse and finishing high-jumping careers led to a celebrated ac-
quittal for "pandering obscenity" following a Cleveland concert in January. A concert in Milwaukee brought charges of "prostitute conduct" and re-
sulting arrest. Manager and boy-friend **Red Swanson** has countered with a "waterloo-style mud-out" charging that the city's police beat up Williams and the group following the concert. Ca-
nadian customs seized \$4,000 worth of unprove Tobacco and bonbons before the show last week in Ottawa and Williams' tour was held up for two days with legal importation. A replacement
assignment to Montreal brought more charges. Undeterred, Williams expects The **Phantom** concert in Vancouver next month will proceed as scheduled. **Sherry Williams**: "If you step over the line in our society, you're automatically guilty."



Play with this [mathsfun.com/geometry/angle.html](http://www.mathsisfun.com/geometry/angle.html) to help you.

viewed to sing on while just two kilometers away riots were breaking out for the second night in a row following the death of his longer strike **Pringle**. **Hughes** Lightfoot's Canadian crusade against portable breathalyzer units was on-faring as well. The Supreme Court of Canada referred a 1979 charge of impaired driving back to the Ontario provincial court where the singer had been

Landis said oral evidence was acceptable and "nothing more is required in the absence of any evidence to the contrary."

In the tradition of building a better messengery, Whistler entrepreneur Raymond Masselino claims to have invented better newsies all. The device, which attaches a large tin can with a short string hanging from the bottom, represents a traditional Indian call known to him by his grandfather, a direct descendant of Chief Peguis who came west with the fur trade of the 1700s. After exhibiting a prototype at the Canadian Sporting Goods Association trade show in Montreal last February, Masselino received \$12,000 in orders. The department of Indian affairs and northern development (DAND) has contributed the amount \$40,000 needed to patent and produce the device, but so far they have purchased a maximum \$10,000 in supplies.



"It's the explanation we're getting," says Meghan. "We're not the only ones who are getting it." Meghan says the company has been in touch with the government, and that the government has been "very responsive" to their concerns. "They've been very helpful in addressing our concerns," she says. "We're grateful for their support and for the fact that they're taking our concerns seriously." Meghan says the company is continuing to work with the government to find a solution that works for everyone. "We're committed to finding a solution that works for everyone," she says. "We're grateful for the support of the government and the fact that they're taking our concerns seriously." Meghan says the company is continuing to work with the government to find a solution that works for everyone. "We're committed to finding a solution that works for everyone," she says. "We're grateful for the support of the government and the fact that they're taking our concerns seriously."

At least 300 Canadian authors crowded into a lecture room in the Metropolitan Toronto Public Library last week to sign their names for the funeral service in what will be called *The World's Greatest Autograph Party* during the National Book Lovin' Convention. June Penney, Miriam Waddington, Helen Engel, Edie Stastna, Ian Adams, and Mark and Shirley Pease were among the signers, though many a simple fan searched the crowded room furiously clutching copies of *The Devil's Disciple* in search of *Harriet Laurence*, who was not well enough to attend. The highlight of the event was the presentation of the \$50,000 check presented to *Harriet Laurence*, who attributed her success to her mother and father "who never bought a television set." *Molley Callaghan*, 77, was made a life-time member by the Writers' Union of Canada and, after her presentation, one autograph seeker was seen taking Callaghan to sign her paperback copy of *Winnipeg Days*, the novel *Winnipeg Callaghan* did not without baiting an eye.



"It's the only Canadian book I own," explained the CanLit novelist. Considered an ardent Devereill, "Caliban is a lawyer and so am I, so much so I've used to sign our names for other people."

Jeff Springer, Massasa McLean, wife of Jim Chen, was in Wausau and I met him to address a Wausau awards dinner. I thoroughly enjoyed her \$900 McLean's fee to the Thorson House, a shelter for battered women and children. McLean, 59, said she still hasn't gotten an incident in Wausau during the 1980 election campaign when her bus burst into flames after a schmuck tried to kid her why she kept her son's name. McLean said she was annoyed by the question. "An I-poke to her Irish temper got the better of me, but she had challenged not just me, but women. By her question she had forced

she described her role as one of a group of models "who gets invited into a party by a scientist who explains all, kills him and ends up being made to fly off a skyscraper window. I don't know, they used a double." As if you haven't been steady enough, she brought Los Angeles Kings center **Chara Bassar** to a hotel and had sex with him in April. Her agents are sending Welles to gear up her acting career, as there will be no more need for the five-foot, nine-inch, 300-pound **Sophie Wellers**. "She's not Sophie's enough."

as a publicity stunt, it could have been a fool-up. There was **Edmund Burke**, who was overcome by a bottle of champagne at a ship launching. Conservative MP **Franklin B. Baileya**, former cabinet minister and academician, Clark govern-



symptoms. Williams, Nevill, Schreyer, with Deadwood passengers (including Barker). Photo credit

that we are all but a link in a chain." In his 20-minute speech, he told the audience of 300 that they were "more further ahead than **Malloch**," who guided the way for the 9th British Privy Council discussion that year are persons. According to **Torres**, whom some now suspect became a spy, **Malloch** might also tell **Winnipeg** he could come a long way, but, she added, "All we have to do is spend one night as a Canadian, we can see how far we have to go."

one people have these years when nothing seems to go wrong. *Time* and *Playboy* magazine's Playmate of Year 1961, is having one of them. Besides the nearly \$200,000 in cash, fame and power that go with the title, *Welles, M.*, picks up her first home credit in London, a sci-fi thriller *Dimension in One*, by Roberta Haynes, and a new record.

and 20 housing projects, who could not be shown any direction. "It's hard to look up," Beatty remarked. The Governor-General died in a royal gallop, but as he commented recently at the napau-tax week in Ottawa he was actually still near housing projects," said Schlesinger as he beds covered the temporarily disengaged Government House. Each reported a greening trend leading to the residence of Defence Minister John Diefenbaker's Wellington-Diefenbake riding north of Toronto, the Governor-General and Lady Diefenbaker would attend the country's 100th celebrations this summer. "We're steadily heading in the right direction," marveled Beatty with earnest and positive relief. Though he may run in the last hour of their journey (as the project finished), he made it to Diefenbake in seven —beating normal mail delivery by

See diagram

Selling Senor Cero, reaping a bonanza

By Hal Quinn

Long before the game started last Thursday evening, the vendor at Angel Stadium in Los Angeles' Home Run was break neck fast mapped up T-shirts and records, and soon there will be more available, ordered by the Dodger bunch. It takes 35,000 bumper stickers, 15,000 pennants and 10,000 dolls. The subject of this souvenir industry, the object of Southern California's adoration, especially in the Mexican barrios of sprawling L.A. and throughout Mexico itself, is "El Toto," "Senor Cero" (the Devil, "El Incredible," the "Fabulous Fernando").

This year's baseball season has had its share of magic moments that Friday's perfect game by Cleveland Indians' Len Barker, notwithstanding, nothing



Valenzuela juggling on his knees and eye-rolling window curtains of 'El Toto'

performances (San Diego Padres' Derek Perkin's 417 average) and bright, fast-paced home-stealing wizardry of Expo rookie Tim Raines), but the seems performance of a young Mexican pitcher has dwarfed them all and has left players, managers and fans scrambling for souvenirs. Twenty-year-old Fernando Valenzuela has been fabulous.

He stands and juggles baseballs on his knees before games. His eyes roll back and almost disappear as he winds up to pitch. His pertly framed looks any-

where on the trainer's table and then simply goes out and shuts down the anonymous batters who are the slots of millions. After the pregame cries of the vendors had died away last Thursday, he went out and beat the Montreal Expos to tie the major league record for winning the first eight games of a season.

It isn't that Valenzuela has simply won eight games in a row, but the manner in which he has won them. Called up late last season as a relief pitcher, won 10 games, missed another and did not allow a run. Moving along this season, Valenzuela has allowed only four earned runs in 88 2/3 major league innings.

There have been rookie pitching phenomena before last week's wiry tied Dov (Bos) Ferris' 8-6 win in 1963, and Mark (The Bird) Fidrych started out with a 9-1 record in 1975, but few have ever displayed such premonious mastery of the craft. His array of pitches includes a great curve ball, adequate fastball and slider, but—most remarkable of all—an outstanding screwball which he throws at two different speeds. Hitters will admit that the screwball (the left-handed Valenzuela's buster in right-handed factors and away from left-handers) is one of the toughest pitches to hit, and pitchers admit that it is one of the toughest pitches to throw. Few pitchers have good "screwpins," fewer master it. Those who do, work on it for years. For Hall of Famer Carl Hubbell, acknowledged as the best arm-willer ever, it took six years. El Toto took one off-season.

Valenzuela came to the Dodgers when they outbid the New York Yankees and purchased his contract in 1979 from the Mexican League's Puebla Club for \$120,000. The Dodgers offered a two-year contract, but Valenzuela signed for a one-year deal, reportedly for just \$30,000. The dividends are already staggering. National League team owners estimate a average 15,000 extra spectators for home games and the NBC network calculated that there was a bonanza of about \$300,000 from ticket sales, parking and concessions for the New York Mets when he pitched at Shea Stadium.

So far, Valenzuela has shown no signs of willing under the media glare and fan adulation. "It is easy not to feel the pressure," he explains, "when you can't understand what the people around you are saying." And last Thursday evening, when Montreal's Chris Speier hit a hanging curveball out of the park (André Dawson later hit another out) for the first home run against him in the major leagues, Fabulous Fernando wasn't exactly rattled. His next 18 pitches were strikes.

Star quality.

Five Star's secret of success:
the extra smoothness and quality
that is unmistakably Seagram's.

Reach for the Star. Seagram's Five Star.



Of doctored balls and apple pie

The noble pursuit of getting an edge has a long and storied history

By Trent Frayne

Fifty-five years have passed since Walter Hagen and Bobby Jones played 72 holes of golf in Florida for "the championship of the world" during which the old pro Hagen completely demoralized the shy amateur Jones and beat him 12 to 11 in their play.

The why Hagen had all sorts of ways of disconcerting rivals in this now outmoded head-to-head style. The record shows that in 39 years of tournaments he never lost a play-off. Among others he began early. The first hole was a par four with all sorts of trouble just beyond the green. Hagen took a 4-iron for his second shot and held back a little on his swing. The ball fell short. Seeing this, Jones switched to a 2-iron, landed in all the trouble beyond the green, and lost the hole. He never got back into the match.

Half a century has wrought few changes across the face of sports, especially pro sports. Even as in the real world the sting and the savor (judge, wink) are part of the long tradition of operating on the edge, teams and people endlessly on the prowl for an advantage that often bends the rules and occasionally gives them one hell of a fracture.

Currently, attention centres on the pitching staff of the Oakland A's, the prime sacrament in baseball. Typically, the number of observers applauding the five starters who have given this team the best record is either longer or easily matched by the number trying to figure how they're doctoring their pitches. In 1979 the five were more elusive than Charlie O., the sole named saint for the A's amateur progenitor, Charlie Finley. Dick Langford, Matt Keough, Brian Kingman, Mike Norris and Steve McNally were no greater among them in 1980; they were 29 and posted a record 84 wins and 72 losses. In 1979 Keough was 26 and 17; in 1980 he was 16-10. In 1979 Norris was 26 and eight; in 1980 he was 25-9.

One day a couple of weeks ago, Ray Smeule of Minnesota was struck out with the tying and winning runs on the bases. "Keough foisted me with the darned spitter I ave saw in my life," growled the dismasted Smeule. When the A's played in Seattle with Langford pitching, the Mariners' deepest tharble, since-departed manager Maury Wills, advised the grendas

keeper to enlarge the batter's box so that his blower could encounter Langford's curiously behaving curve ball before it began its break in front of the plate.

It's a funny thing about baseball that it's the most romanticized of all the American games. Towering authorities are always running about it—Hemingway, Malraux, Mark Twain, Thoreau, Thomas Wolfe, John Updike, Ring Lardner, Sherwood Anderson, Mar-

tin Scorsese closer to the plate to accommodate the fly balls of newly acquired veteran slugger Hank Greenberg. The broad chasm between the new heroes and the old was unashamedly called Greenberg's Gorge.

The fascinating aspect of this cult of baseball is its broad appeal and universal acceptance. "Cheating is baseball's oldest profession," says the bark for an article on the myth in the current *Inside Sports* magazine. "No other game is so rich in shadegory, as varied to it as a poet of it." Jimmie, The Washington *Post's* regular baseball writer, Tom Sherrill, drops his sales through a catalog of thousand items—including the shadegories. "The whole Oakland starting staff had one kind of upstroke or another as was Billie Martin (who took over as the manager after the 1979 season) could have it taught to them," Baltimore left-hander Mike Flanagan says.

There are any number of ways of treating the ball so that the air currents reacting on it will cause it to perform tricks. The spitter—the cover word for all the overt defacements—can be loaded with jelly or scoured by kitchen lots of sandpaper or cut as concealed razer blades or on sharp-edged gloves. Pitchers temper ever reputations for throwing a doctored pitch whether they do or don't.

In the June Sports page George Bamberg, the pitching coach for the Cards for 15 years and later the manager of the Milwaukee Brewers, and a heart attack has since, puts cheating pitchers in a singular perspective: "We do not play baseball; we play professional baseball. Amateurs play games; we are paid to win games. If you're a god then you often don't decide whether to cheat based on if it's 'right' or 'wrong'; you have to decide whether you can get away with it. A guy who cheats in a friendly game of cards is a cheater. A pro who throws a spitter to support his family is a competitive."

Everybody looks for an edge—well, almost everybody. Chris Evert, the best women tennis player in the world, was withdrawn from a tournament this year. For decades when teams with soft bases would sometimes turn the home team's grounds keeper half to untie the base paths to make those heavy Gold Rogers could expect rock-hard, tilted ground along the first- and third-base lines so that the ball would roll fast in Pittsburgh one year the base in left field and left-centre was



Illustration by D. B. Johnson

Janne Moore. The French-born Jacques Normier, distinguished historian, put it very simply: "Whatever wants to know the secret and cause of success has to learn baseball."

Tell baseball is the tricorner of all the sports. It's where the performers tip-toe closest to the line, and possibly beyond it, in their quest for the ultimate success. For decades when teams with soft bases would sometimes turn the home team's grounds keeper half to untie the base paths to make those heavy Gold Rogers could expect rock-hard, tilted ground along the first- and third-base lines so that the ball would roll fast in Pittsburgh one year the base in left field and left-centre was



The prize fight over energy



Photo: AP

By Ian Anderson

After spending the past six months being expertly jacked along the edges, the country's major oil companies could be excused for their passive acceptance—rather than loud dissatisfaction—of the recent announcement by Energy Minister Marc Lalonde offered them last week. "You don't want to reject small increases," argued Imperial Oil's main Ottawa lobbyist, Roger Hanafi. But Hanafi concurred with other voices from the battered industry that the proposed federal tax and land charges were only "marginally improvements" to policies devised "specifically when the National Energy Program (was) announced last October." Instead of simply raising a 25 per cent "back-up" of interprovincial differences on Crown-owned lands, Lalonde now proposes the federal government take its 25 per cent with the "sweetener" that it will come for one-quarter of the exploration costs.

There's a generally held belief in the Oil Patch that the crucial pricing talks between Ottawa and Edmonton cannot be put toward a satisfactory conclusion sometime this fall. The stock market has leaved off shares back up toward pre-tax levels, partly in response to the optimism over pricing, partly because of several rumors about take-overs.

The latest take-over plays in Hudson's

Bay Oil and Gas Co. (HOGC), a little-known foreign-owned company and the country's ninth-largest producer, are predicated. With the kind of stony attitude typical of the firm, Denis Poirier, HOGC has proposed to spend up to \$17.5 million to buy 50 per cent of HOGC's assets, Coase Inc., the seventh-largest oil company in the U.S. The bright idea is to trade that interest for Coase's share of HOGC, a deal that Coase Chairman E.R. Bailey is actively opposing. Denis Poirier, HOGC has been withholding information that he has made nondisclosure to



year's rate, as a delusion of rates than 300 western oil industry service and supply company officials pointed out during a 10-day lobbying visit to Toronto and Ottawa last week. There are 200 rigs in operation in the West, up from 170 a year ago. For the industry to grow in the east, oil of the future oil sands plants has to withstand high pressure. For a quick settlement, Imperial Oil estimates the cost of its massive Cold Lake project, which Alberta will now approve without a settlement on price, is reflecting the rate of over

Réalisation per day Imperial's chairman, J.A. Armstrong is threatening to abort the project if it doesn't get approval by July 1, a date that appears impossible for the two governments to meet, and Sheff's president, C. William Danzak, is making similar noises about the 415-million Alandsa project. These are not the only other government bodies very seriously. For now, the industry has been knocked out of the ring. There are still only two real players. ☺

Unfair competition

Even as the federal government finally moves to toughen its weapons competition laws, it is damping the man most responsible for making the public aware of the carte blanche Big Business has had in Canada to merge, consolidate and monopolize. Robert J. Bertrand, the director of competition policy, is being "promoted" out of the bureau. The official reason given by the man responsible, Clerk of the Privy Council Michael Pittfield, is that Bertrand will be moved for health reasons. Bertrand paid with a heart attack two years ago for a series of major assaults on the oil industry, the newspaper chains, the sugar and fertilizer companies, and last Canada. "I feel some responsibility for not giving them another heart attack," Pittfield said last Friday, the day after he disclosed Bertrand's removal. However, sources within the department of consumer and corporate affairs, where Bertrand has been on seconded deposit since 1974, insist the motives are more political. With the coming battle with Big Business over the changes in competition law, Pittfield and other



Bertrand: theo to mega and monopolies

bertrand "thought his presence would be a detriment," one official said. Pittfield, who signs the final decisions on Bertrand's behalf, has no objection to Bertrand's removal from his position as the justice department lawyer responsible for overseeing Bertrand's presentations. The justice department has been busy of employing the most-bland competition suit, preferring instead to shirk out uncompromising business behavior through the Restrictive Trade Practices Commission, which can order limits to prices and market forces, but which cannot issue fines or jail sentences.

Since taking over as defender of the small guy's interests, Bertrand has cast himself as a St. George figure, journeying with the dragons of Bay Street. He became one of the country's most visible public servants as his selfless advocacy of the small business sector and the consumer and corporate affairs. When Bertrand has been on seconded deposit of the Competition Bureau since April of 1974, most of the major news stories have been about him. It was his preference to play the part man in the battles against an overwhelming troop of managers and monopolies. Battles made

leisurely by court rulings such as the one that decreed it was not against the public's interest for the living family to control all five of New Brunswick's English-language daily newspapers. Bertrand has looked hard with government and the media for greater understanding of the bill's inadequacies, and finally won approval last month from his Minister, André Gélinas, to begin the long revision process (Maclean's, May 10). But it was also Bertrand whose speeches and public statements made him a lightning rod for complaints from a business community already jittery about such left-leaning policies as the National Energy Program.

Leaders of the list of likely replacements is a former assistant to both Pittfield and Bertrand, Lawson Hunter, a young (mid-30s) New Brunswick lawyer with impressive connections in the federal party. Hunter clashed frequently with Bertrand in the past in his position as the justice department lawyer responsible for overseeing Bertrand's presentations. The justice department has been busy of employing the most-bland competition suit, preferring instead to shirk out uncompromising business behavior through the Restrictive Trade Practices Commission, which can order limits to prices and market forces, but which cannot issue fines or jail sentences. An astute and energetic lawyer, Hunter's friendship with Pittfield—they knew frequently as sensible counsels for any legal maneuver—leads to fears of potential inaction into the uncertainty that the new man may pose to Bertrand. In his small business role as both the administrator of the Competition Bureau and the director of the CRTC, Bertrand has been a consistent voice within the industry for reform of some sort. It was his preference to play the part man in the battles against an overwhelming troop of managers and monopolies. Battles made

—IAN ANDERSON

A rose by any other name

During the past 20 years, Alberta has given birth to many other names, turning on their favorite morning radio program and hearing the announcer intone, "Our Alberta Heritage" before it got to you by Calgary Power." Soon, a new name will replace Calgary Power Ltd. as only in name. Calgary Power, Canada's largest investor-owned utility, last week received shareholder approval to change its name to TransAlta Utilities Corp.

Some would argue that names such as TransAlta represent little more than marketing talk-talk—part of a curious trend among a growing number of companies to uproot words together or derive trendy acronyms in an attempt

to upgrade their image as mega-corporations. Officials at the federal department of consumer and corporate affairs say several thousand Canadian companies have had for name changes during the past year. While most of these are of a technical nature—for example, changing Ltd. to Inc.—many involve complicated public relations circuses and hundreds of thousands of dollars of follow-up advertising. Among recent examples of consumer confusion, Alberta Gas Trunk Lines became AT&T, Alberta Corporation, Canadian Pacific Investments became Canadian Pacific Enterprises, Dominion Bridge became ASEA International, Western

International became Westex Biotek, Western Minerals became Western Resources and so on.

TransAlta, dreamed up by a consultant while painting a kitchen wall, and with more than 150 other possible names submitted by creative consultants before emerging as the winner during an ongoing "re-think" stretching over several months. Calgary Power will spend \$300,000 during 1981 to change the name on its 18 branch offices, 12 hydroelectric stations, two thermal plants and all its equipment and stationery.

There may be another reason for the change. With a bid currently outstanding to TransAlta, shareholders by the No West Group for 46 per cent of the company's stock, President Mark Williams will never have to say he's for Calgary Power full tilt in any campaign.

—GORDON LEESON



Many analysts take this concern as if one had been behind their backs, their imagination restricted by its pop-

MUSIC

For the record

OPERA: CARMEN BURANA
Conducted by Records Muñoz
(Angel/Capitol Records—\$21)

The 85-year-old Carl Geff has apparently given up as soprano as the past could not sing along, every act an exultant and belligerent as the day—ever-musicious piano that been tested. Muñoz does the Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus (of London) hard, but



he's also surprisingly gentle with Griff's naïve and rambunctious Beat of all inclusions. Burmester, a little soprano who is marvelously adroit at switching roles from mezzo-soprano to mezzo-tenor and from juvenile soprano to stately prima. There's also a cheerful of teenage boys joyously pestering with frusciated lust. Previous reviews take note.

BEETHOVEN: SCHUMANN—THE COMPLETE STRING QUARTETS
Quatuor Quarier
DECCA—\$25

Like the rest of a later Schumann's quartets deservedly to be loved. But no amount of appealing class can conceal that Schumann was ill at ease in the medium. With more pernicious playing on the night come to love these curiosities, but the Quarier Quartet, for all as pretty and virginal, remains amazingly bland. It is also too short, too lacking in spontaneity for the more masterly and muscular Brahms quartets. Even so, it still comes up the eight degree of emotional peaking and breeding dispute, but it soon reverts to bland display.

TECHNIQUE: VIOLIN CONCERTO
IN D MAJOR, OPUS 25, AND SERENADE MELANOQUE, OPUS 26
Gidon Kremer, violin, conducted by Lorin Maazel
(DG/PolyGram)—\$20

Many soloists tackle this concerto as if

Paarl's best cellar list.



THE PAARL HERITAGE

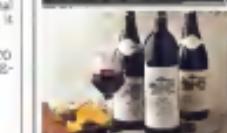
For over three hundred years, Paarl has been creating fine wines, sherries and brandies. The quality continues in every product Paarl offers. So make your next choice one from the Paarl brand cellar. You'll be selecting from fine wines, sherries and brandies backed by three hundred years of experience.



PAARL SHERRIES

Prest offence quality sherries to match most occasions.

Paarl Pale Dry Made by the traditional method. A pale dry but not dry, its perfectly pleasant. Paarl Medium, full of flavour but not overbearing sweet. Ideal with or even in your favourite soup recipes. Paarl Diamond Cream. As smooth in taste as its name implies. Rich and full bodied. Unashamedly sweet.



PAARL RED WINES

Wines of true fitness and breeding.

Paarl Pinotage. Assured by

professional and amateur sommeliers alike. Robust and unique.
Paarl Cabernet Sauvignon. A tea claret red wine of considerable fitness and intensity.

Paarl Roodberger. A big, round wine that shows great power & complexity, satisfying flavour. Age it well.



PAARL BRANDIES

Smooth mellow brandy, full of character yet delicate on the nose.

Paarl 8 Star. Aged in oak casks for smoothness.

Paarl 10 Star. A unique blend of brandies, aged for up to 10 years. Our finest brandy yet.



PAARL WHITE WINES

Wines of unique character and delicacy. Ideal companion for your white meat or fish dishes.

Paarl Riesling. A dry wine of great delicacy and charm. Topline or the range.

Paarl Late Vintage. Full-bodied, with a rich, full, velvety texture. Not sweet. The Common Scarecrow.

Paarl Chardonnay. Crisp, clean and well-balanced.



NEXT TIME TRY
IMPORTED
PAARL

ular appeal and an airtightness of bad habits. Kenner's magisterial violin playing has a boldness and freshness which does everything necessary to reinstate the work. In particular he refuses to submit to rhetorical virtuosity or breakneck speeds, taking time out to explore his lines. He dresses it attractively, and an old warhorse emerges sensibly experienced.

—JOHN FRANCIS

THE CELESTIAL HAWK
Keith Jarrett (ECM/WEA)

This is pianist Keith Jarrett's third attempt to compose for classical orchestra; for the last chord

and, after a mildly intriguing first movement, he won't try. For his last, "Oscar Zeta," Jarrett wisely recruited saxophonist Jan Garbarek as the impulsive and rite and surrounded him with a more inclined to Debussy's interpretation. The Colonial Monk, however, shows Jarrett's ingenuity pale: thickening, into noisy music-music, intentions and, for all the aching after a concerto form, Jarrett merely tops his piano through needless interludes. Striving for strong structure, Jarrett changes into Charles Ives territory often and comes out as a tangled John (or, if you prefer, William) Williams scribbling for the last chord.



Jarrett: "goony" movementmatic soloist/hero

OCTET — MUSIC FOR A LARGE ENSEMBLE — VIOLIN PHASE
Steve Reich (ECM/WEA)

As an avant-garde minimalist composer, Steve Reich is interested in repetition, he has pared down his compositions to exhaustive explorations of single-figure strategies. His early pieces, such as *Vision Plate*, can be dazzling, but his more recent compositions have lightened to achieve a rhythmic playfulness surprisingly close to the off-the-avant-garde trade-off of rock and jazz. The airy sweetness and drive of *Octet*, abetted by the clarity of Manfred Eicher's production, is typical of Reich's urban pastoral. The exact pianistic keyboards and smaller instruments, droning strings and horn wraiths are blended into a gentle but energetic flow. It's the sound of industrial logic domesticated, and serves well as matinée-trance music for the busy.

HOME MUSIC BY STEVE
SWALLOW TO POEMS BY ROBERT
CRISLEY
(ECM/WEA)

Additionally, a jazz album based on someone's poems would seem to offer steady prospects at best. But Robert Crisley, American poetry's most melodic and most old-fashioned, ably uses the rhythmic devices of the poems. His best, perhaps even finest, is the poems' lyrics behind colloquial diction in ways any songwriter might envy. Bassist Steve Swallow's music and a fiery quartet led by pianist Steve Kuhn and omnipotent Dixieland clarinetist for garrulous albums of excellent midtempo jazz. Vocalist Sheila Jordan may be a vocal enigma without focus but she is used sparingly to deliver short overtures which don't interfere when the band stretches out—as set they perform successfully in the disengaged spirit of the poet for 13 cuts.

—BART TAYLOR

Nino Cerruti



Nino Cerruti translates the European look for the Canadian men. The entire Cerruti collection overcomes outstanding quality and value with a comfortable fit.

Choose a Cerruti shirt and notice the non-wrinkle top band collar, the adjustable barrel cuff, the tapered fit and the comfortable cotton/polyester blend. You'll be convinced that is The Perfect Shirt. And you'll be right. Nino Cerruti is a translator of fashion and nothing is lost in the translation.

The Perfect Shirt. \$23.90

TIP TOP

You'll always look like you paid more!

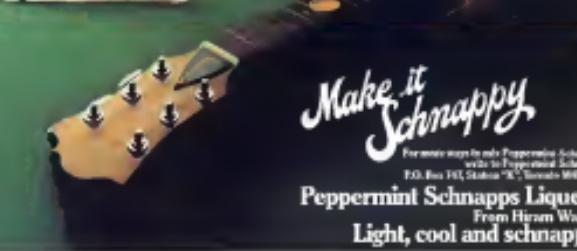
Schnappisfaction

SchnappiNightfall
Peppermint Schnapps



With all that's
in the light cool and
refreshing taste.

Nini Puddy
1977 © Hiram Walker



*Make it
Schnappy*

For more ways to make Peppermint Schnapps Lighter, fresher, and more fun, write to Peppermint Schnapps, P.O. Box 141, Shreveport, LA 71101.

Peppermint Schnapps Liqueur
From Hiram Walker
Light, cool and schnappy!



LIVING

A homey alternative to the rejection slip

Do-it-yourself publishers crack the best-seller lists

By Jane Widerman

When Beaurene Rose-Banks approached three Canadian publishers with her cookbook, *The Groatery Connection*, two never answered, the third sent a firm rejection. So the Acadia University sociology professor decided—the publishers be damned—she would put out her own book. Since its release 20 years ago, Rose-Banks has sold nearly \$30,000 copies (13,000 marks a Canadian best-seller) of the book she wrote in her Greenville, N.C., cottage, hand-lettered to save on printing costs and delivered to bookstores in 10-cent-store wages. By the time she published her second title, *The Berryberry Connection*, Macmillan and other companies were bearing a price to my dear, but I decided to keep my dues book."

No government figures record the numbers of do-it-yourselfers, but Lucy Bajer of the National Library Collection Development Branch estimates that as many as 1,000 self-publishers have registered for their ISBN (International Standard Book Number), required by libraries in the past seven years. Most of the entrepreneurs have admitted that the odds against having a book accepted by a Canadian publisher are staggering. McClelland and Stewart are

for instance, accepts only 10 books out of 70,000 unsolicited manuscripts. Aspiring writers determined to break into print can pay a vanity press \$4,000 to \$28,000 for the privilege, which includes no guarantee of release. Or they can produce their own initial print run (usually \$7,500 to \$10,000 for



Field (left) Adelstein displaying self-published books at the Groatery key is opening an unlisted market, but the start-up costs pose a problem.

Rose-Banks: persistence paid off

5,000 books) and see their work on the shelves—if skeptical booksellers comply.

At Durkin's paperback cellar in Vancouver, manager David Kerfoot sees at least 30 self-publishers every month, hawking mainly poetry, autobiographies and regional history books. Those that sell tend to be how-to books on anything from money management to building projects. The coming of practically oriented specialty bookstores and the expansion of specialty sections in general-interest bookstores makes self-pub a good fit for self-published books with marketable content. Toronto's Can-Do Bookseller, for instance, keeps a dozen self-published works in stock. Quick to spot an untapped market, the Can-Do staff break into self-publishing that month with Toronto Eats, a restaurant guide. "We always found publishing gaps," says Can-Do manager and publishing partner Stan Addman, "but when we do go to industry conferences and talk about a whole other issue—the audience for how-to books—the publishers would ignore us."

Some author-publishers actually realize hefty profits—Rose-Banks estimates she has made \$50,000 through her book business. But starting-up costs can pose a major obstacle. J. Kent McAlvey of Port Perry, Ont., sold his independent business to link features Take Charge, Patricia Stinson of Calgary packed her manuscripts with Norma Leacock and Diane Keister to publish Eat Your Heart Out! Government grants easily find their way into the pockets of mega-title entrepreneurs. Smil Field is an intriguing exception. The Whistler, B.C., artist and author of *Whistler: Cal-*



Field (left) Adelstein displaying self-published books at the Groatery key is opening an unlisted market, but the start-up costs pose a problem.

leg at York University is producing *Tales of Brigitte*, a limited-edition portfolio of engravings to be released this month for \$2,500 (proceeds to York's St.ong College). The project is sponsored by York University and financed by grants from the secretary of state's educational program, Winter, the Brasfield Foundation and private tax-deductible donations to St.ong.

Self-publishers' woes don't end with financing. They must also acquire knowledge of printing, type setting and design techniques—experience that can take a year to develop. For many author-publishers, finding the right people for their job is a matter of good fortune and word of mouth advertising. "My husband used to have a printing company, so through him I knew who to go to," says Toronto food-cooking instructor Sandra Tavel, author of *Wolsten's in My Kitchen*. "The printer sent me to a printer who recommended a plate rate."

Another hurdle is finding a distributor who, for a percentage, will place the book in stores. Most self-publishers, like the Georgia Big gourmets of Midland, Ont., must handle the job themselves. "It started out that we'd three or four copies in the back of the car and take a few copies of the book [Gourmets Big Gourmet: Winter Extravaganza] around Georgia Bay," says coauthor Helen DeGoff. "We went door-to-door, sent letters and phoned all the stores. Through word of mouth, the book sold around the province, now the chain stores across Canada."

If bad luck, sense, determination and connections come, as does luck. Jeremy Moray, Vancouver author of the children's book *Troops the West Coast*, has in a case in point. After several book companies turned down the manuscript, he published the book himself and pursued his own publicity. "I had to deal with TV stations and newspaper offices, and I was around until they dealt with me." The effort was fruitful: Moray sold *Troops* and *Twoie and Whales* and has sold a national distributor. A few weeks ago, he sold American distribution rights. With 26,000 books sold in less than a year, Moray says he now makes a living from his business.

Most self-publishing efforts are one- or two-book ventures, but occasionally a small-time personal project turns full-time publishing enterprise. Since former Newfoundland poetier Joey Smallwood published *The Book of Newfoundland* in 1987, his company, Newfoundland Book Publishers Ltd., has grown to the point where it contracts work to other writers. Now it even sends out rejection slips.

With files from Donald Gossen

LABOR

A hazard to male pride

Research points to a health danger workers want to ignore



By Leahy Krueger

For Dr. William Wiese, the results

of the questionnaire were startling: new prostate cancer victims were giving birth to a disproportionately high number of girls. The University of New Mexico researcher immediately ordered sperm tests at 50 volunteer sites and found they had unexpectedly high fluctuations in the number of male chromosomes. With this data, Wiese this spring earned a new and growing field—the study of workplace hazards that deform or destroy sperm.

In the past, the mother's contribution to problems with pregnancy or fetal development has been thoroughly examined in occupational health studies. New American scientists are finding the health of the father plays a part as well, serving union leaders in the U.S. and Canada recently recalling past struggles, which saw wages reduced from some pits rather than industry-wide clauses demanded. In exploring this new area, however, researchers are encountering resistance, not so much from companies as from government funding agencies and workers who see the delicate point as a challenge to their virility. Says New Mexico union leader Louis Palacio, who added the numbers to donated sperm samples. "The guys are kind of embarrassed, you know, to be doing that."

Research has already answered a

plurimoratorium of hazards to sperm—some from the workplace, some not. The pesticides para- (dibenzofuranophenoxy) and Kapone, lead, manganese

smoke and large amounts of radiation or alcohol definitely cause sperm damage. As well, scientists are starting to test whether a father's exposure to hazardous substances may increase the mother's chance of miscarriage. More than normal numbers of miscarriages and stillbirths have been seen among the wives of dentists who use the nitrous oxide sedatives workers in autoclave sites, welders exposed to radiation and those with jobs in lead-arsenic smelters.

But the University of New Mexico (UNM) data has sent scientists hunting a few for answers. Normally, about 50 boys are born for every 49 girls. The two researchers, however, uncovered anomalies during counterculture in the American Southwest where the proportion has increased to as many as 46 girls for 48 boys. And in the sperm test, some men were found whose number of Y (male) chromosomes was either far greater or far fewer than the expected average of 40 per cent. Wiese's 10 samples countably only a preliminary test. But even this is both significant and unusual, since he's examining changes in the genetic makeup of sperm. If Wiese can get government grants in Congress's age of austerity, he hopes to

check for further change and see whether genetic abnormalities are passed on to the children. "It gives me a lot of concern," says Wiese. But he cautions, "This area is like a lightning rod. People will be attracted to it from a variety of positions and seek to use that data to prove their positions. What I say is that this data doesn't prove there's a problem, it doesn't prove there isn't a problem, but only that there might be one, and it should be studied further."

Leaders of the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers Union (OCAW) are already worried about Wiese's data that surprisingly, the miners aren't. Union leaders sought 24 volunteers for the sperm study, but drew only the 10. Local Palacio is apologetic. "We're all much more worried about lung cancer," he says.

In Canada, there's at least one unionist who's prepared to file class action against the miners as well. Harry Seguin, of the United Steelworkers' Elliot Lake, Ont., local, has long been concerned about the possibility of genetic damage to uranium miners there, and since 1977 has "gone from pillar to post" trying to convince the federal and provincial governments to conduct a longitudinal health study.

Two problems threaten Seguin's proposal. The first is Elliot Lake itself, a northern mining town that in 20 years has gone from boom to bust to bone agate. A comprehensive study would have to focus on the first boom miners, but after the 1982 bust they spread across North America, making it both difficult and expensive to track them down. The government has so far refused to pay, and—Seguin's second problem—most current residents aren't interested either. These "tough young couples," as he describes them, see no signs of untoward illness in their growing towns. And they're afraid that if Seguin presses the health issue too hard, the uranium companies will simply close up shop.

Rafael Moir knows the problem well. "They say, 'I'd rather be poisoned slowly than starve to death right now,'" An industrial hygienist for the OCAW in Denver, Moir worked on the high-profile—and for a union, a high-profile—fight against the pesticide *DDT*. Since 1976 the issue has had very mixed popularity in *news*. This spring the U.S. government ordered production of the pesticide stopped, leaving the unionistic—*and* 400 workers out of jobs.

Despite popular opinion, the unionists' fight against *DDT* has made no progress. They are now working with the University of Colorado to investigate chlorinated hydrocarbons, hydrocarbons of pesticide manufacturers, and its former Canadian branch, now its independent Energy and Chemical



Wiese: 'We are like a lightning rod'



More (above), Seguin (below): Years remain further investigation



Workers (left) argue—was proved in one of two such disputes in Canada.

Cassini's union is by and large the blid the American to concern about chemical hazards. But where the matter has been raised, the problem has been similar. In 1976, the new had typical trouble getting down miners that men at the Wyeth pharmaceutical plant in Windsor were responsible for their unusual performance. "A 33-year-old guy doesn't want to go up in a mine and say, 'Hey, I can get up 100 times and not get tired,'" says Moir. "That's the government does our study, and I hope they find nothing. There here too." □

union did undertake a study, which showed three of the six main Wyeth employees had a loss of libido, or sexual drive. The culprit was found to be the birth control drug Ovral, and since then, says Moir, the company has cleaned up the plant.

The other substance under dispute in Canada is lead. Long known to cause myriad health problems, lead exposure is regulated under federal and provincial legislation. In most provinces, the accepted standard is 150 micrograms of lead per cubic metre of air, which governments and employers say protects workers. The Canadian Labour Congress (CLC) disagrees. According to director education and training officer Clars Marie Furtach, the standard prevents lead poisoning but does not eliminate reproductive hazards. Furtach points out that the U.S.'s allowable lead of 150 is 20 per cent lower than Canada's Yet U.S. Occupational Safety and Health Review Commission hearings showed that 20 per cent of workers there could still be expected to have reproductive problems. Says Furtach: "It kind of makes you wonder about it, how."

Rite of the current lead dispute is the Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting operation in Flin Flon, Man. Local steelworkers President Steve Hammonds says it started two years ago, when a woman shop steward, returning from an international union convention, reported worrying news of possible hazards to her female co-workers, and some started transferring out of the smelter. Soon men, too—not always because of fear. "Most guys basically accept lead as one of the hazards of the job," says Hammonds. "But the smelter is too dirty, too hot and too dusty, and some of them were willing to use any excuse to get out."

The smelter didn't work. The union says the company refused to transfer men who subsequently filed a complaint of sex discrimination with the Canadian Human Rights Commission. Some human rights offices inside Ontario has not yet seen her report from Winnipeg to Ottawa, the case is still unresolved. And until it is, the company refuses to make detailed comments, although safety and environmental director Wayne Fraser says, "We feel our payday is a good one, and we stand by it." Hammonds, meanwhile, expects to lose. After the complaint was filed, the company started transferring men, understanding the union case while conceding the plant did still in question, however, is the safety of current allowable lead levels—150 micrograms per cubic metre or other levels still under study. Says Harry Seguin of Elliot Lake: "I hope the government does our study, and I hope they find nothing. There here too." □

WIN A TRIP TO THE ROYAL WEDDING

A week for 2 in London as Maclean's guests!

See history in the making...and London at its most splendid when British Airways flies you and your guest to the glittering Royal Celebration. View the pageantry of the Wedding Procession from your own Reserved Seats.

Take escorted tours of "Royal London"! Historic Windsor Castle...sovereign Oxford...and Shakespeare's Stratford.

Enjoy 3 dazzling West End shows—free! Go on a spree in London's shops, clubs, pubs and "must-see" spots with \$1000 spending money...then relax in style at a Superior Hotel—all courtesy of MACLEAN'S!

You need not buy a thing to enter. Just complete and mail the form below...and you could be in London for the celebration of the decade!



CONTEST ENTRY FORM



To enter contest only, use this form.
To enter contest, get a friend gift
and enter contest, use attached card.

Mr. Mrs. First Name _____ Last Name _____

Address _____ City _____ Province _____ Zip _____

Day _____ Evening _____

Phone _____ Telephone _____ M/F _____

What company employs you?

ROYAL WEDDING CONTEST, Maclean's, 1000 Sherway, Ont. M3C 1H7

CONTEST ENDS JUN 22, 1981



SUBSCRIBE TO
MACLEAN'S
FREE
SOUVENIR

Colorful 48-page
photograph of the
Royal Wedding, plus
six stories
portraits the
Bride, the Day
Procession, more
Get card attached
to mail.

Unearthing a novel Viking image

Recently discovered Norse artifacts are changing traditional conceptions of the Vikings



By Shona McElroy

Legend portrayed them with berried helmets and swords, standing at the bows of longships, their faces more fierce than the carved figureheads. The same Viking was synonymous with invader and plunderer. The tales of their exploits in the New World—whom often ended in bloody conflict with the natives, or Skraelings as the Norse called them—only enhanced the image. But recent archaeological discoveries of Norse artifacts in Northern Canada, and specifically in the eastern Arctic, by several groups of Canadian and American archaeologists have revealed that the Vikings also played a subtle role in the New World as traders and explorers. Archaeologists travelling to Ellesmere Island and other sites next month hope to unearth more clues to the Norse past.

The traditional conception of Vikings begins to shift as early as 1963 when a Norwegian archaeologist, Helge Ingstad, discovered the Vikings at L'Anse aux Meadows on the northeastern tip of Newfoundland. The archaeological information gleaned there showed that far from raiding and ravaging, the Vikings

were early pioneers who built dwellings, forged tools, wore cloth and tended their cattle. More important than the discovery of the 1,000-year-old site itself is L'Anse aux Meadows' northern location. Birgitta Wallace, a staff archaeologist with Parks Canada in Halifax who spent four years excavating the Newfoundland site in the mid-'80s, believes that the verification of the Norse presence in Atlantic Canada anticipated the later developments in the Canadian Arctic. "When people have previously thought of the Norse in the New World, they have generally thought of New England and more southerly areas. The new finds indicate more and more that the Vikings had a totally northern orientation."

Even with L'Anse aux Meadows providing a geographical fixed point, later discoveries of the Norse presence further north in the high Arctic were greeted with surprise. Such is the reputation of Peter Schledermann, head of the Arctic Institute of North America at the University of Guelph. Schledermann's work has perhaps gone further than anyone's in establishing the Viking as an explorer and trader in the Canadian North. In 1986, while excavating prehistoric Eskimo (Inuit) sites in the Baffin Peninsula region of Ellesmere Island, he was startled to discover a small stamp of iron that he immediately recognized as a piece of chain mail. The metal rings were obviously set aside by the Inuit, as they had no method of smelting iron. "In more than 15 years of archaeological experience, I can recall no greater pride than that shapeless lump of iron," he says. The iron rings

were subsequently confirmed as part of a suit of armor wrought in medieval Europe. "Let here they lay is an area of the world supposedly unknown to medieval Europe—a site less than 800 miles from the North Pole."

The chain mail was the first of more than 20 artifacts that Schledermann found at these sites in the past few years. Among the objects, ranging in date from 1590 to 1290, were iron rivets, parts of an oak box and pieces of woven wool. All of the finds, because of their style and composition, have been proven to be Norse. Although trading itself could have brought the artifacts to the region, Schledermann thinks otherwise.

"The American suggestion that the Norse had a Norse voyage of some sort to the Arctic, followed by some sort of their own, they would have had hunting stores in the Eskimo. They had to be situated directly in Norse contact in the region." If Schledermann's theory is correct, the Vikings travelled 800 km farther north than previously thought.

His supposition seems plausible. Vikings needed walrus ivory and fur in order to trade with Norway for necessities such as goats, metal and timber, which they as desperately needed to maintain life in the Norse colonies of Greenland and Iceland. The far northern lands and the Inuit hunters could supply them with both. A small balance was uncovered in 1977 by Patricia Sutherland, a professor of archaeology at McMaster University in Ontario, supports the idea that the Norse did indeed travel north for trade purposes. The balance, which was used to weigh precious metals and could be folded up inside a leather pouch, was part of every Norse trader's equipment.

"The fact that there is a balance—an artifact that clearly functionally relates to commerce—leads credence to the idea that there was some kind of trade going on between the Norse and the Inuit," says Sutherland. Although careful to point out that the archaeological evidence of the Norse in the Canadian Arctic is only in a "research stage," Sutherland believes that the objects found so far are indeed "changing people's conception of the Norse-Inuit relationship."

One of the most fascinating finds to date is a iron chess piece from 1100. The wooden figure was found by Deborah and George Saba, archaeologists from the University of Arkansas, in an Inuit pit house on the north coast of Baffin Island. The figure represents a European man wearing a long cloak and a crown. "The depiction of the costume is so precise that there is no doubt the Eskimo on Baffin Island who carved this was a Viking," says George Saba. As for the suggestion that the carver travelled to Greenland to see his Norse-

ancestors? "So far, 5,500 prehistoric and historic Eskimo sites have been discovered in the Arctic. A decade ago, Jones only knew of 18 archaeological teams who worked their summers away under the 24-hour Arctic sun. Now there are 25. There are added resources for archaeologists in the hope of finding more Viking artifacts in the next few years."

Peter Schledermann is optimistic. "We barely scratched the surface. God only knows what we could be up there."

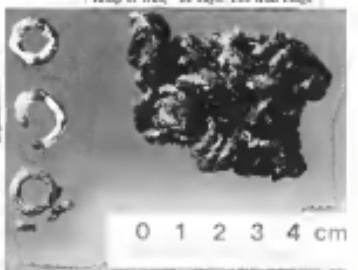
archaeologists?" So far, 5,500 prehistoric and historic Eskimo sites have been discovered in the Arctic. A decade ago, Jones only knew of 18 archaeological teams who worked their summers away under the 24-hour Arctic sun. Now there are 25. There are added resources for archaeologists in the hope of finding more Viking artifacts in the next few years.

With this in mind, the following is enough work here for generations of

With this in mind, the following is enough work here for generations of



Schledermann with cloth (above) showing Viking trading finds



Chain mail rings (left) European arm (right). Vikings travelled further north than previously thought

A gracious seaside manor house awaits you.



Elegant rooms. Summer sports galore. Super cuisine. The Algonquin has them all. Plus the latest facilities for a large or small business meeting.

Come enjoy our famous golf course, tennis, swimming, bicycling, dancing. And Sir William's lounge for fun after dark!

Whether you come for a great vacation or a "workday" or business meeting, you're sure of a warm welcome at The Algonquin. We're open from May to October, and we'll be expecting you.

CP Hotels Et The Algonquin

St. Andrews-by-the-Sea
Saint John's, Newfoundland (360) 232-8529

Managed by Canadian Pacific Hotels Limited for Algonquin Properties Limited
CP and Et are registered trademarks of Canadian Pacific Limited

Love notes from a fan

THIS IS ELVIS
Directed by Malcolm Leo and Andrew Sorkin

Listening to an Elvis Presley record is, for a great number of people, every bit as good as a needed drink or a friendly long-distance call

This Is Elvis, a documentary with a few re-created sequences, is the kind of sweet-minded and sentimental compilation an adoring fan might put together. Not that it's not an especially dopy look, but that doesn't stop it from being affecting. The old images, some of them quite rare, have been culled from early



Presley, prepped up by pals, strings 'em

TV, press conferences, performances, film clips and home movies. The Presley phenomenon has taken on an added human dimension in *This Is Elvis* through narrative continuity.

It is something of a shock to see the imperious Mississippi boy change over the years into an overweight performer prepped up by gits, but it is something of a joy to watch him also being prepped up by those who survive and entertain. Billie Jean was a commanding performance—a girl, given, who, when warmed by a crowd, would leap from within. His charisma can engrain to please and a shy, modest and coy sprawl around the world and had the surly fire of laughter. His comeback in the late '80s, with Vegas spankles and raps and all, was the true test of the frenzy and loyalty he inspired. Most of all, *This Is Elvis* pays tribute to an untold gift and the healing power it had for others.

The most involving point of interest in the movie is the furor caused at the beginning by his performing style. Considered dangerously vulgar (he was heavily influenced by black music), he was denounced. It left him uncomprehending and despondent. The Libertarian, unforgiving fundamentalist group of today would do the same pleasure. Elvis handled out like a carefree philanthropist. In contrasting the phenomenon involving willows, *This Is Elvis* shows that agreeing pleasure is one of the most exhilarating forms of democracy.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

calculations, baning your own spouse means only a lot in the communal residence evident for a toothbrush which you must truly share.

In an effort to "fiddle against the cold winds of desire" and to get some good old middle-class, middle-age laughs, Jack and Kate, Thony and Charles, Nick and Irel, a budding frat with Anne and then Garry, continue to spend every vacation moment of an entire year in each other's laps. Surfin' into a stable wagon or sandwiched into the hot hell of a softball, the group is determined to prove that familiarity will breed contentment. What it breeds instead is the special catastrophes that comes from being destined for more

than light comedy do on track. But to be sure of his laughs, he spoils an inspired marital tilt by having Jack's pants fall down, and stoops to snatching a Maracas for a finale. And all the while he overplays his hand with pseudo-seriousness or the meaning of friendship—the kind of dubious self-consciousness that would have Hawkeye Parrot retching. After bumbling through their first vacation, it seems obvious that the six amateur campers should grab their toothbrushes and look their second honeymoon while they are still speaking. But when Kate announces that she doesn't want to be "one of two people alone at the end of my life," the verdict is frighteningly clear: these people are determined to die of eaten desire.

—ANN JOHNSTON

Alisa, Burnett: savers cash of cabin fever



Gord, anachronistic, unvarying, unthrilling

Kate Jackson as an ambitious TV news reporter who falls in the "has a great ass," and ex-actor Elliott Gould as an amateur history professor who wakes up every morning with a different student in bed with him. *Dirty Tricks* is not very romantic. Roaming around the movie and the FBI's interest in a forged letter which implicates George Washington as a traitor, this film is not believable enough to be thrilling. Showcasing the muscular talents of two look-alike heroes who do nothing but break plate glass windows, necks and fingers, it is not really very funny. What's *Dirty Tricks*? *Dirty Tricks* is crass, without and boring. Its humor is incomprehensible, its violence gratuitous. The acting is abysmal, the screenplay atrocious, and the direction beyond the pale. And like that little more than a vehicle for Gould's just-got-out-of-bed-when-he's-the-coffee style is obviously a very big trouble.

And the winner is the dog

DUSTY THICKS
Directed by Alex Raloff

Dirty Tricks is the latest in what is becoming a disturbingly long line of second-rate American films that are shot in Canada with the shoddy participation of the Canadian Film Development Corporation (CFDC). A Canadian moviegoer can only shake his head at films like this that should wear bells around all those teeth and the touching confession that she has bought a pet snake to keep her company after her dog is gone.

It's a shame that as a screenwriter Alisa didn't have the confidence to let

Adventured as a romantic comedy thriller, *Dusty Tricks* is, in fact, one of the shabbiest. Starring on-Chariot's Angel

—DAVID MACPHERLANE

What does tourism mean to you?

To Canadians it means

one million jobs

- 1 in 100 businesses are on the long distance road to success
- It's about 100,000 hotel and motel rooms
- It's about 100,000 restaurants
- It's about 100,000 service industries
- It's about 100,000 companies that supply the infrastructure, the publications—*all* kinds of Canadian life

To Canada it means over \$11 billion annually

- It's a large export for Gross Domestic Product
- It's the fourth largest source of foreign exchange—about \$1 billion



Tourism is important to all of us

EDITION INDUSTRIE ASSOCIATION OF CANADA
ASSOCIATION OF INDUSTRIE CANADIENNE DU GÉNIE

Close encounters of a trying kind

THE FOUR SEASONS
Directed by Alisa Alida

In *The Four Seasons*, winter-director Alisa Alida has done a fine melding with social satiric sex, he finds us, is a couple, two's a crowd. By Alida's



than two days straight with close friends, and a clever backdrop for Alida's whereabouts.

With her, Alida sets strong together with Ruthie Vesala. *The Four Seasons* is *Sex and the City* on ice, like Ned Beatty, Alida is a vision of the domestic two-timer, and gets every single out of the strain of class question. Carol Burnett, Lee Curreri, Rita Moreno, Sandy Dennis, Jack Palance and Alida herself are a fast-paced, sordid gang. But of them all only Dennis as the plied wife rises beyond solid ensemble work, her eyes glittering as her hair quacks mouth works around all those teeth and the touching confession that she has bought a pet snake to keep her company after her dog is gone.

It's a shame that as a screenwriter Alida didn't have the confidence to let

MADELINE SPARTA '96, 1996

Reading between the party lines

Media should differentiate between commentators and collaborators

By Barbara Amiel

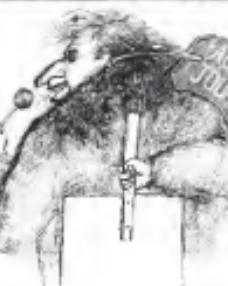
With Janet Cooke, a 28-year-old black reporter on The Washington Post, admitted that her Pulitzer Prize-winning story of child heroin addict "Jimmy" was a fake, a good deal of ink was spent on analyzing the case. The fuss notwithstanding, I can see only two major lessons to be learned from the Cooke affair. The first is—let's argue about it—that double-duty employees, while they may be as wry as anyone else, are certainly no holier than anyone else. The second lesson is that in today's left-liberal-dominated media, a writer who has the current point of view and personal credentials will not have his or her work subjected to quite the same rigorous scrutiny as someone of non-leftist views. This double standard is in its advantages, should I say a Poffner Prize if it won't have to be renamed.

But there are major lessons. It is not the bureaucrats who are the significant problem in media reporting. The real problem comes when the media fail to note the drafting line that separates commentators of whatever political persuasion from actual collaborators—who is in the past have ranged from a high of Harry Pollard to a low of Tokyo Rose. To avoid misunderstanding, let me again affirm the right of people to freely say, write or disseminate opinions whatever their political persuasion. Going one step further, I believe that even collaborators should have the same freedom. It's just that in a decent, ethical press the collaborators' interests should be declared. A case in point is *At the Barricades*, the new book by Paris-based Australian journalist Wilfred Burchett.

Burchett's book is an account of his 60-year career reporting events from Hiroshima to Hawaii. He covered the Second World War for Lord Beaverbrook's London *Daily Express* and scored a major coup as the first correspondent to enter Hiroshima after the bomb. In 1946, after covering the Minsk trial in Budapest, Burchett took up residence in Hungary and married a Bulgarian journalist. From then on he covered world events not only from the Communist perspective but from the Communist side. The following facts about him are undisputed. Burchett went to the Korean peace talks with the Chinese and North Korean delegations and covered them from behind North Korean lines as an accredited correspondent for the French communist newspaper *Le Soir*. In 1954 Burchett lost a libel case in Australia for

making statements in Hungary and married a Bulgarian journalist. From then on he covered world events not only from the Communist perspective but from the Communist side. The following facts about him are undisputed. Burchett went to the Korean peace talks with the Chinese and North Korean delegations and covered them from behind North Korean lines as an accredited correspondent for the French communist newspaper *Le Soir*. In 1954 Burchett lost a libel case in Australia for

being a spy.



ing which prisoners of war from North Korea flew in to testify about Burchett's involvement in camp interrogation and forced propaganda mass of germ warfare. The most conscientious among them from Foreign Minister Kim Il Sung, recipient of the George Cross for gallantry in captivity. Kim's evidence described allied crews shouting "you will hang, you will hang" to Burchett who, Kim said, dressed in a Chinese army uniform, gave them indoctrination lectures. After the Australian government refused to return his confiscated passport in the post-Korean years, Burchett travelled first as a North Vietnamese liaison-passor and later as a Cuban passport. In the 1950s and early '60s Burchett was in Hawaii writing mainly for an obscure U.S. Marxist paper the *Guardian*.

I have no idea whether any of these actions would fulfill the legal definition of treason. I am not worried about establishing whether Burchett is a paid agent of Moscow, as U.S. RIA wire de-

tor Yuri Krestov testified to a U.S. Senate hearing, or an unpaid true believer. It might show a less deeply rooted moral instinct to sell your services to such a monstrous ideology than to work for it out of pure admiration. I am not interested in either prosecuting or silencing people such as Burchett—only identifying them. When such a person writes a book of apologetic propaganda of the crassest kind, in which Stalin is seriously represented as having been duped in the show trials by the CIA, it

is not enough for a reviewer to say, as Thomas Powers did two months ago in *The New York Times Book Review*, that "it is what Mr. Burchett has put into his book that matters, not what he has left out." What Burchett has left out of his memoirs are all the charges of collaboration levied against him. It was Fredy Heimerman, far more dangerous than Janet Cooke's, who can't *As It Happens* use Burchett as a Southeast Asian commentator and identify him only as "a former communist, now a Marxist journalist." I would never believe your old Mother, can we?

The New York Times to employ such a person—even as an expert on Southeast Asia. But at the very minimum he should be identified as another CBC news program employing Burchett did, by describing him as a "communist journalist."

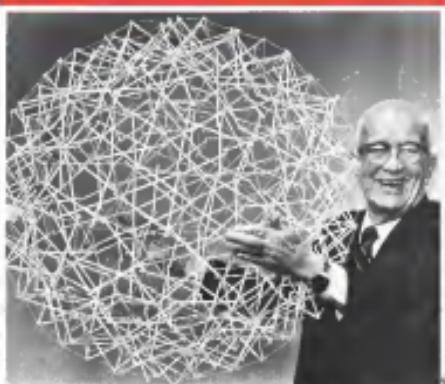
Consequently, in 1974 a Roman was expelled from Canada for, among other things, laying stories about Canadian journalists. The person telling the Roman that information was a producer on CBC's *As It Happens*. The information wasn't secret and the producer didn't think then or later, that there was anything wrong in telling it to a friendly Russian colleague. The same producer, Mark Starwick, is now heading the upcoming flagship CBC current affairs show *The Journal*, which will be telling Canadians all about world events every night starting this fall. I have, of course, no way of knowing whether Burchett will be used in the program and, if so, whether he will be identified as anything other than an Australian journalist.



"Our Wiser's DeLuxe. We age it 10 full years. That's longer than Canada's two best known whiskies. But we think quality is something you just can't rush."



Our Master Blender, Keith Baldwin, has been with us for more than three decades. He makes sure that Wiser's DeLuxe is matured for 10 full years in these charred oak barrels—to create the smoothest tasting whisky we know how to make.



Fuller: rethinking man's social, political and economic systems

Salvation tools for Spaceship Earth

CRITICAL PATH
by R. Buckminster Fuller
(Nelson \$16.95)

In 1977, R. Buckminster Fuller stood on the shore of Lake Michigan, contemplating suicide. He was bankrupt, jobless and drowning in debt, the ramifications of his innovative, materially transformative ideas for a better world having failed. And he had a voice to say: "You think the truth?" Immediately he resolved to dedicate his life to humanity by rethinking earth's environment through the practical application of ideas from his soaring imagination. Only by such individual initiative, he reasoned, could the world be diverted from its hurtle toward oblivion and be transferred into a stele.

Fuller is famous primarily as an environmental architect and engineer, the ingenious inventor of geodesic domes (such as the U.S. pavilion at Expo 67) whose global view of "Spaceship Earth" almost single-handedly spurred our current ecological awareness. The notion that most of his ideas are various in the traditional mythic sense may therefore seem strange, but Fuller never claimed his domes were the conse-

quence of ordered, rational thought. The evolution of their basic structural principle—the natural stability of a triangle as opposed to the artificial gravity-sustained stability of a square—by attributes entirely to intuition, to clearing objects away from inner light to reveal the inherent harmonies among uneven irregularities.

Being a visionary, however, has its drawbacks. For one thing, people often have trouble appreciating your "genius." For example, is a critical path⁹ "critical-path schedules" a phrase that are consistently underpinning complements of anti-critical-path repetitive feedback circuits? Gen? That's a terrible title. Harvard's most prestigious professorship in poetry was once held by the perpetrator of this nonsense at language. Critical Path is full of similar non-sense, but it's also packed with the brilliant analysis one might expect from a genius' life work. Part I summarizes Fuller's history of man, from tantalizing speculations on his immemorial origins on the Indonesian islands to a fascinating Fuller's account of how America's military-industrial establishment blackmailed the federal

government during two world wars into funding their own proliferating, driving the world toward the principles. Part II states Fuller's guiding principle contrary to accepted Mainstream thinking about resources and overpopulation, man does have the technology and life-support systems to beat his swords into plowshares and create utopias now. He can achieve this not by political revolutions, which have always concentrated wealth in the hands of the few, but by a "design engineering revolution," the dissemination and gradual integration of technological advances based on light high-strength metal alloys, the fallibilization of non-linear fuels and compartmentalized resource processing. Part I outlines the critical path, the progressive interweaving of these advances necessary for success.

Buckminster Fuller is now 88. Though not his most comprehensive work, Critical Path is quintessential Fuller, his final attempt at saving man-kind from self-destruction. The task of salvation are at hand—the products of his design revolution are reasonably feasible—so why don't we see them? All that would be resolved, after all, would be the complete reconstitution of man's social, political and economic systems under the aegis of an enlightened technology. And there's the rub. In the final analysis it's obvious why Fuller emphasizes changing the environment, not man earth is party to the hands of man, man stalks clay. Fuller wants to rouse us from our sleep by forcing us to acknowledge impending disaster, yet he himself has only seen the light by undergoing profound spiritual conversion. The simplest and sobering conclusion of Critical Path is that, unless every human peers down into the pool of his own mortality as Fuller does, old and even the truth shall make him free.

—MARK CRANDOOR

A smart facade for complacency

ORIGINAL SINS
by Leon Alther
(Boulevard House, \$12.95)

Original Sins, a novel by the author of *Anglophile*, is a prismatized identity crisis set in the American South. Five children—two brothers, two sisters and their one black playmate—begin sitting together in the basement of a tree house in a small town in Tennessee, and end up either retreating or succumbing to the various hypocrisies that pass for normal adulthood in this comedy of manners. All the kids are here: racism, sexism, alienation and radicalism. To these categories Leon Alther adds the less defined

experience of growing up southern. Everything is matrilineal, and nothing is endorsed.

However, there is one civil rights movement that Alther has overlooked in this moral of role models—the trend of fictional characters trapped in novels where authors make them do and say things against their will. In keeping with the investigative spirit of the author, quick to detect the tyrant inside every self-confessed free spirit, we have sustained use of the main characters is Original Sins, a woman named Sally who now lives with her family in Austin, Tex.



Alther: a tyrant inside a free spirit

Sally, in this poor first appearance in a Leon Alther novel?

No, I appeared under several different names in *Anglophile*, and when it was successful, our author decided to recast some of us in another plot.

Tell us something about yourself in the novel.

Well, I play a small-town southern cheerleader with lots of pep who goes all the way with the high school hero. I get pregnant, we get married and life grinds on, while my sister, the Bratz, goes to New York and gets glorified.

Do you enjoy your role?

Well, I get a lot of print, which is always nice, and some great scenes—I try and seduce my husband while he's under the Chevy changing the oil pan and it turns out to be not my husband but his best friend—but mostly I feel... unused.

Can you tell us about...

I tell you, just a category... you know... Total Woman, proto-goddess, southern bubbly-playing housewife. It was like being a manicure, painless, drawing, instead of a painless, I tried to talk to the author about it, but she was always being sickly gone over the big map of America. I felt I was either being ridiculed or patronized. I mean, I may wear robes to the supermarket, but I don't consider myself horrid. Lisa's got a great sense of humor and all, but she gets carried away with what everything means. "Now Sally, you rep-



It takes a lot of little things...

to make a hotel great, like the very real smile on your waiter's face when he brings you a second cup of coffee... the chef's special price lunch to take with you an hour of the day... our Concierge—always willing to help, because no detail is too small. Of course, not everything is small. Take our spacious guest rooms or our flexible meeting rooms... our location, right in the heart of Loews. And there's always the warm and friendly welcome from the Westbury staff—just another one of the special touches that make Loews Westbury... great!

LOEWS
WESTBURY

475 Yonge Street, Toronto Ontario M5A 1K7 (416) 595-6011
or call 400-1000. Business Representations Referral Service: Toronto—162 3711 Quebec—8000 261-7457

A sizeable advantage



JVC
Hi-Fi—Components

Every component is so compact... even the turntable is no larger than a record jacket! Components include amp, tuner, cassette deck, lever loading turntable and a pair of speakers. Each component or more of these hi-fi sound techniques

JVC
Hi-Fi Components
An Progressive Electronics Company
Subsidiary of Matsushita Electric Industrial Co., Ltd.

Adrift with Al, Bill and Herb

A quiz on the sex life of Knutson Nash, "gallimony" suits and other tidbits

By Allan Fotheringham

Time for the spring edition of the *Freelance Fotheringham Current Events Quiz*. Only one entry allowed per question. Generous prizes will be awarded. Eligible are employees of Maclean's and residents of Alberta. Marks will be awarded for questions.

1. Write an explanation, to be placed in a time capsule for future generations, explaining how the Protestants and Catholics in Northern Ireland are practising Christianity by killing each other.

2. Please explain what the editorial writers of Canada did before the constitution issue was invented.

3. Would you sleep easier on your pillow if Gen. Alexander Haig, as he deems, were running the United States? Explain.

4. Does Joe Clark exist?

5. Prove it.

6. You are trapped in a lifeboat for 90 days with Margaret Thatcher, Sterling Lyon and Marc Gruen. Describe in detail the most climactic feature of each and in what order you would have been avenged.

7. What activity, for example, most resembles a Stanley Cup final between the New York Islanders and the Minnesota North Stars? (a) Watching paint dry? (b) Observing the grass grow? (c) Listening to a speech by Stanley Knobles?

8. A lady reporter from The Washington Post has been forced to return her Politique Prise and return because she confessed that she had made up a story about a child drug addict. Please discuss the relevance of this with the example of a male prime minister who confessed to the House of Commons that he had made up a story about his dealings with the British prime minister (Bramble) over the constitution. What advice will you give her?

9. The CBC this autumn will start tradition by moving the 11 pm national news to 10 pm. Do you think this will affect Canadians' sex life?

10. Do you think Canadians have a sex life?

Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for *Maclean's*.



14. If Joe Clark did exist, what do you think he should do?

15. You are trapped in a lifeboat for 27 days with Gen. Alexander Haig, Prime Minister Brian Mulroney, and Mrs. Pauline Marois. (a) cry? (b) pray? (c) sleep?

16. A West German magazine purchased the tapes of a supposed long-distance telephone conversation between Prince Charles and Lady Diana. Please construct the imaginary telephone conversations between (a) Marc Lalonde and Mrs. Peter Laughhead, (b) Edie Jean King and Lloyd Axworthy, (c) Margaret Thatcher and Punch Inman.

17. Please explain the relevance of the young millionaires who now populate 800 night spots in their prime television time of the season like a group of youthful wimps who would like to grow a beard but can't quite.

18. Once Canadians have endured all the wash and shake from the Lady Di-Prince Charles match this summer, do you think it will make them (a) more researchish? (b) less researchish? (c) grow-up? Ask your teen-age

marks you want to (a) cry? (b) pray? (c) sleep?

19. Canada now has the highest interest rates ever, combined with the highest inflation rate ever. Finance Minister Allan MacEachen says the Liberals shouldn't be blamed. Who do you think should be blamed? (a) Ed Broadbent? (b) Anne Murray? (c) the Calgary Flames?

20. The Liberals work to replace the new chairman of the Canada Development Corp. with Maurice Strong, the

businessman who temporarily held a Liberal nomination in Toronto and who was associated with the European firm that made a \$300,000 contribution on the sale of Petro-Canada to Petro-Caress. Explain all this to a high school political science class.

21. Jeffrey Simpson's *Decline of Power*, the book that explains how Joe Clark's Tories floundered their way out of power in just nine months, has won the Governor-General's Award for non-fiction. Do you feel it was entered in the right category?

22. Nelson Stokowski, the Vancouver Vancouver millionaire and purchaser of sport franchises, has purchased Los Angeles Rams quarterback Vince Ferragamo for the Montreal Alouettes. Is this the man who will be the Wag the Dog? Who do you wish he would purchase next? (a) the Toronto Argonauts? (b) the Toronto Maple Leafs? (c) the federal budget?

23. You are a dictator in governmental philosophy. You are to explain to your class how the government of the United States plans to rein in its expenditure on arms by cutting down on food stamps and the benefits to miners with long closures. You are also to explain how the government of Canada, so as to retain the support of the province of Ontario on constitutional matters, has proceeded as a program to keep an artificial ceiling on the worth of Alberta oil so as to keep Ontario energy costs low. Please submit your notes.

24. Once Canadians have endured all the wash and shake from the Lady Di-Prince Charles match this summer, do you think it will make them (a) more researchish? (b) less researchish? (c) grow-up? Ask your teen-age

Some things just take your breath away.



Great Canadian Vodka



Player's Extra Light.
Enjoy the taste of Player's in an extra light cigarette.



Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked — avoid inhaling
Average per cigarette: 9 mg "tar", 0.9 mg nicotine